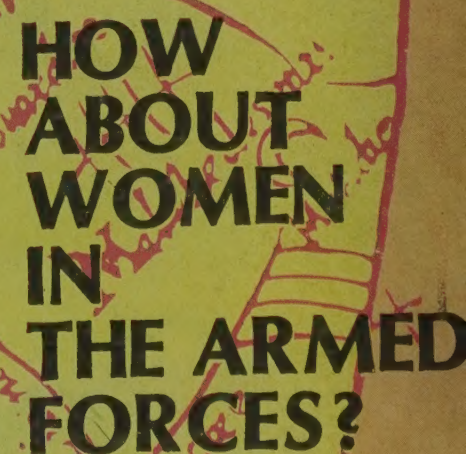


ASTROLOGY: a media marvel

REPUBLIC DAY BLUES



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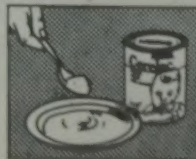
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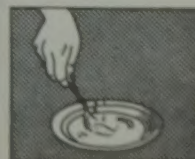


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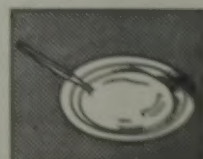
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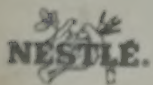
Add to
pre-boiled water.



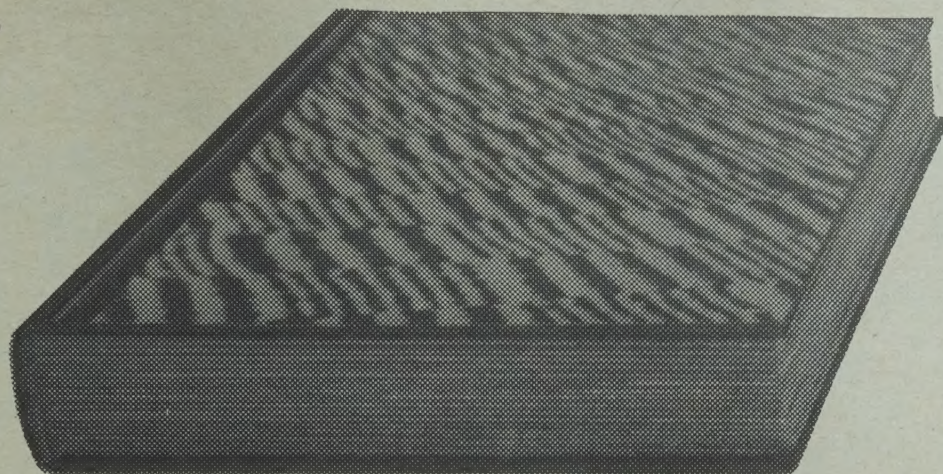
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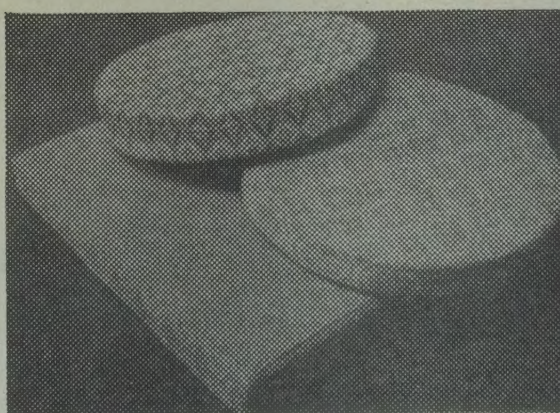
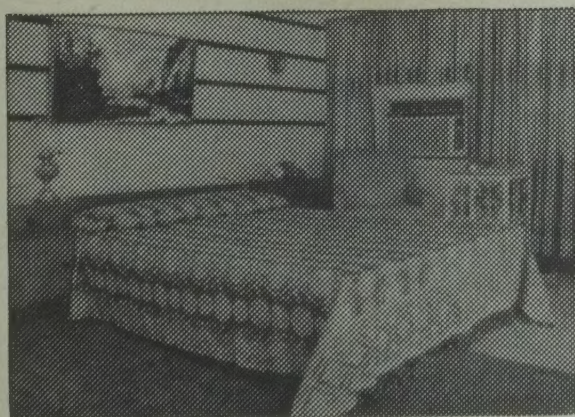
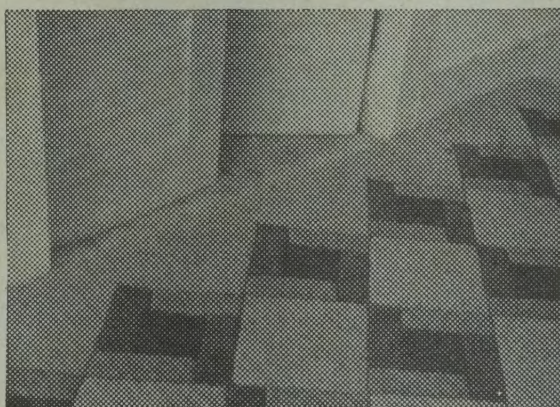
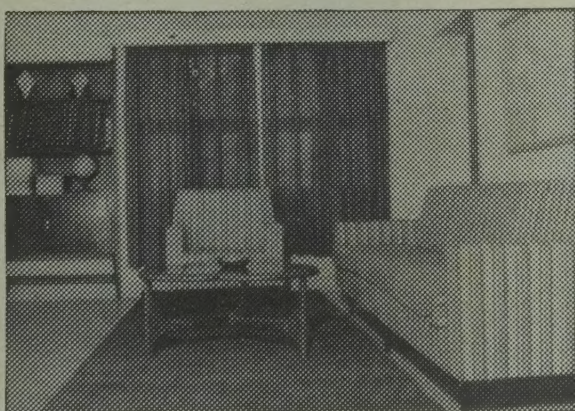
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Cover:

The lure of astrology
and palmistry.
VINITA MALHOTRA
having her palm read by
a professional.

(See story on page 38).

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

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JAN. 24 — 30, 1981

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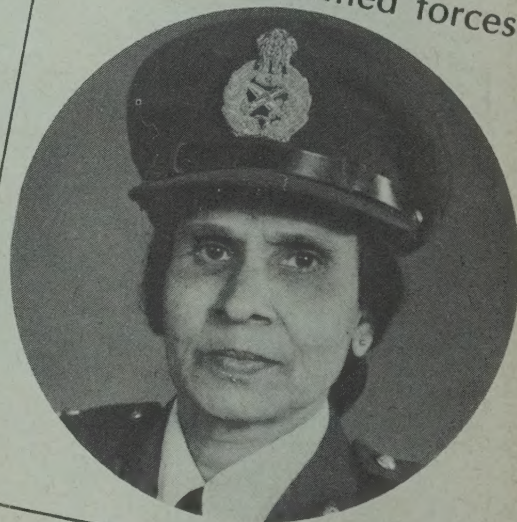
REPUBLIC DAY BLUES

10 Last year saw
the maximum
number of riots,
rapes and cruelty to
humanity. Has
violence become
a part of our
national fabric?
Yes, says our
political analyst.



CAN WOMEN JOIN THE ARMED FORCES?

12 If the Constitution
guarantees us
absolute equality,
then why can't
women join
the armed forces?



MYSTERY AT GUL MOHAR

15 The story now
takes an exciting
turn. What is the
secret that is
being hidden from
the little girl?

PEDDLING PREDICTIONS

38 An astrological
column has become
a must for most
magazines and
journals. Do the
editors believe in
the forecasts
or is it just another
gimmick to raise
the circulation?

ALSO

A thoughtful gift — page 17. Films: Why do leading ladies get paid less
even though they act better than many heroes? — page 21. More on
astrology — page 22. True confession — page 23.

REGULAR FEATURES

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Comics & Jokes/28, Cookery/29, Beauty/33, People Known and
Unknown/35, Young Viewpoint/41, Hiya Honey/43, People and Events
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BEWARE!

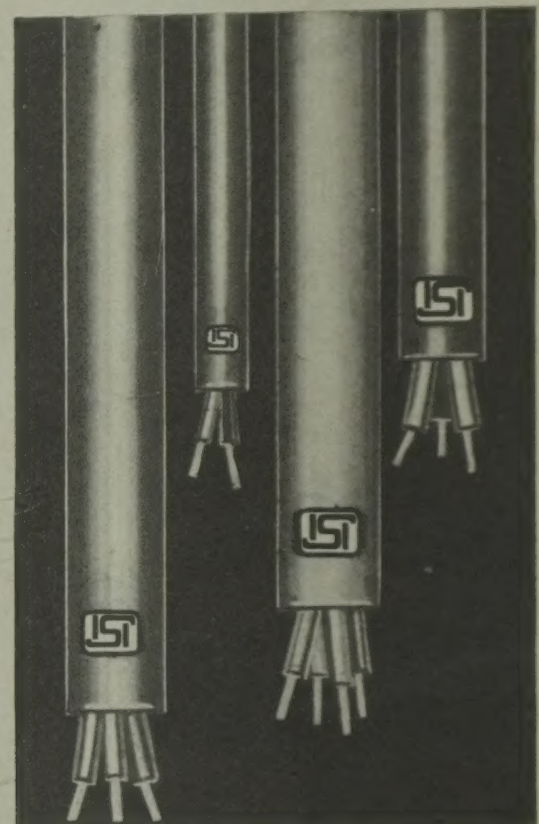
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A SPECIAL TORTURE

1st
PRIZE

A moving first-person account I read recently has left me shaken and full of questions. It relates to a person born a girl, but who develops male characteristics at the impressionable and significant age of sixteen. For years she suffers the agonies of the damned and then, on the verge of insanity, meets a kind-hearted man who later becomes her husband. Around this time, too, medical help alleviates the undesirable symptoms to an appreciable extent. It is established, too, that the male characteristics are the side-effects of a drug. One would now expect a happy ending but, alas, this poor person finds her marriage holds no meaning for her and is now living with a bisexual partner.

This account, besides touching our hearts, raises a number of psycho-philosophical questions. What establishes and confirms femininity or masculinity? Which factor predominates — the psychological, biological or societal? When biological changes come, the person is unable to come to terms with herself and Society connives at making her an enemy of herself. And yet, when plausible reasons for these changes are found and they are successfully arrested, the person finds only a bisexual partner can satisfy her. Where lies the root of the problem? Are they in the mind or in the heart? What part does body-chemistry play? Can it be that Society is forcing upon us convenient roles so that we cast ourselves into preconceived moulds? How little, indeed, do we know of human nature and how great is the need for sympathy, kindness and understanding!

LEELA RAMASWAMY,
Bangalore

Sex disorders and changes bring in their wake agony, heartache, frustration, depression. Certainly, biological factors play the leading role but so much suffering could be obviated if only society were to refrain from making the person concerned feel like a pariah. Psychological problems arise mainly because of people's callous and cruel attitudes. And it is because of pre-conceived notions that homosexuals and other "deviates" are treated with contempt — or worse.

CORRUPTED MEDICOS

2nd
PRIZE

A recent report in "The Tribune" stated that an injured man had to seek legal aid to get himself examined properly, as the medical authorities (no doubt, on receiving a bribe from the parties who had caused the injury) first gave a wrong X-ray report, stating that there was no fracture when actually there was one and, later, at his persistence, told him to get a court order to get himself re-examined. So the patient had to go without medical aid for a painful period of time, till the board set up to go into the case declared that he had a fracture in his right arm — a "grievous injury".

We have already come across cases of negligence on the part of the dispensers of medical aid, but when these very people deliberately, and not carelessly, delay or withhold aid; when medicos become potential, though admittedly indirect, murderers; when the "healing touch" becomes the "fatal touch" (though not in this particular case); when those who should try to save lives instead conspire to take them, for a sum of money or some other bribe... isn't it time to do

something — something drastic and something fast?

And I do not mean just in this case, but, generally, to check the corruption rampant in our medical system. Because — and this is why something should be done fast in this regard — while corruption does exist in other walks of life, too, doing considerable damage to moral values and ethical norms, it is, nevertheless, less dangerous than corruption in the medical profession, because while "greasing the palm" of somebody in other professions may abort somebody's career or affect another's seniority, the taking of a bribe in this profession involves something much more precious — human life and health. And human life, no matter whose it is, too sacred to be thrown away or allowed to be thrown away.

Or doesn't anybody think so?

BEENU SETHI,
Chandigarh

Everyone should realise this. When doctors, teachers and guardians of the law fail the people, the repercussions are far worse than in other spheres. We feel like crying when these public men and women stoop so low, toppling the pedestals on which we have placed them.

POLLING THE POLICE

3rd
PRIZE

It was recently reported in the papers that a young man was atrociously treated by the police for no fault of his, except that he was eating ice-cream leaning against a car, which the two policemen alleged he had stolen. Even when he was declared innocent, the policemen did not let him off but demanded Rs. 5,000 in exchange for his freedom.

This is just one of the numerous cases in which the police have made a tragic error. The mounting incidents of rape, corruption blackmail in the police departments, the pitiless methods of extracting confessions, have to be seen to be believed. And all this under the guise of law. The feeling of security and hope at the sight of the uniform have now been replaced with an urge to avoid contact with the force. The many promises and assurances of the police to bring culprits and law-breakers to book, sound empty in view of the fact, that these same anti-social elements have the support of the police, provided they are ready to pay the price.

One has to think twice before lodging a complaint with the police, since it will involve tremendous waste of time, effort and money, with little hope of the case being solved. Witnesses are frightened to give statements about accidents because of the long-drawn-out procedures which require them to answer questions not

connected with the accident at all. Otherwise concerned people shy away when it comes to helping those in need of relief, for fear of being blamed for the crimes themselves. It is indeed, a sad state of affairs when people begin to fear the police who are supposed to be 'the guardians of our society'.

MISS SEEMA RAJADHYAKSHA,
Hubli

The police have acquired a rather dubious reputation in recent times. Maybe some of the reports are exaggerated by the media but this avalanche of anger on the part of the people cannot be ignored. Good, honest, helpful people are turning away from the right path merely because they have lost faith...

ANNOUNCEMENT

Contributors will kindly note that all contributions should be accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed envelope, and the contributions should be typed neatly, triple-spaced with adequate margins. Otherwise they will not be considered for publication.

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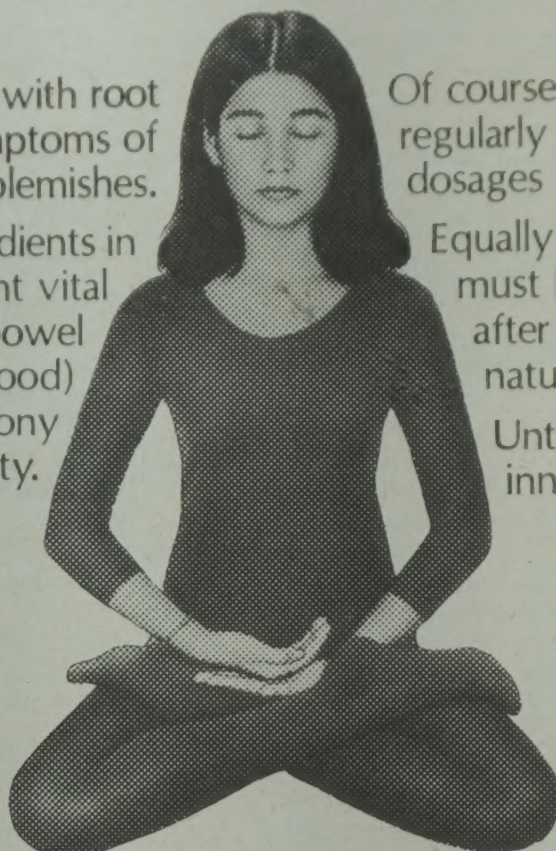
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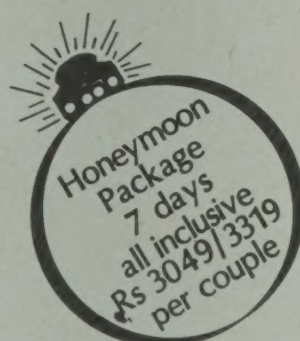
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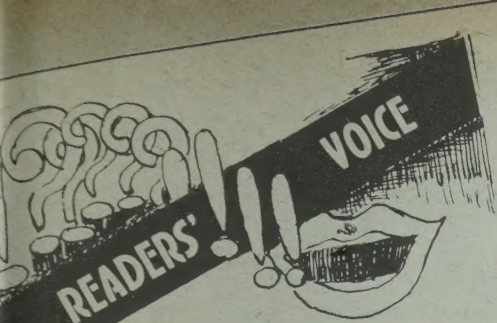
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Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us.

ENCOURAGING LOCAL TALENT

In connection with Rajiv Kumar's article on Bombay Doordarshan (Nov. 29), I offer a few suggestions to improve the quality of the programmes. During the last three years, new and enterprising Tamil drama troupes have staged many excellent plays and dramas which are acclaimed not only by the audience but also by critics. It's unfortunate that Bombay Doordarshan has not yet taken notice of these for telecasting. As only two Tamil films are screened in a year, the telecasting of these successful plays with the help of various drama troupes in the city would not only prove cheaper but also provide entertainment to TV viewers. This is not so only with Tamil plays and dramas but also with many popular and successful plays in regional languages like Malayalam, Kannada, Sindhi, etc., besides English. I can vouch for the fact that there's no dearth of talent in the cultural field, as far as our city is concerned. And Doordarshan should come forward to encourage local talent.

S. KRISHNA KUMAR, Bombay

TV: A NUISANCE

Rajiv Kumar in his article "The Story Behind Your Sunday Movie" (Nov. 29) states that "TV can't afford to pay for good films. . . what it can offer is to keep showing bad worthless programmes." But what is the use of showing good films on TV when the audience couldn't care less about the quality? When a man comes home after a hard day's work, he finds his family busy watching TV, whatever the quality of the programmes. No one offers him a cup of tea.

TV has made every home a cinema house. Can a person have peace of mind in such a place? TV has only led to noise pollution in a family. I feel TV is the biggest nuisance of this century.

MAHESH KAPASI, New Delhi

BLOW TO M.C.P.s

It was indeed heartening to read your article, "Delhi Women Hit Back" (November 29). It is indeed a welcome change that women have decided to physically train themselves in judo and karate and face the 'goondas' and roadside romeos with courage, instead of locking themselves up in their homes after dark. What a dramatic change between the women of the olden days who used to hesitate to stir out of the house without a male escort even during daytime and the modern woman who has trained herself physically and mentally in such a way, that she can go out fearlessly at any time she pleases! This is no doubt a welcome change as far as we women are concerned. But just imagine what a blow this will be to our male chauvinists!

KAMALA JAGANATHAN, Hyderabad

SEXUAL HARASSMENT

The article "At The Boss' Beck And Call" (Dec. 6) by Sujata Got-hoskar, highlights a very real problem faced by working women. One reason for this is that today the man is in the driver's seat, not the woman. Harassment will cease when more women attain positions of leadership. Economic necessity and the high cost of living and bringing up a family has forced many of us to work. The least we can ask for is an understanding attitude from our husbands. If we dress well they say we are trying to lure our bosses into making sexual advance. Sartorial carelessness earns us an official reprimand. Our bosses too, should realise that we are working because we need the money, not because we are loose women.

RANJANA BHEEMASEKAR, Hyderabad



ISSUE OF JANUARY 31, 1983

L.I.C.: A CARETAKER OF LIFE OR AN EXPLOITER?

The Life Insurance Corporation's symbol of a lit earthen lamp protected by two palms carries a message from the Gita, which means, "I look after the maintenance and welfare of daily life." Yet, research done by the Consumer Education and Research Centre, Ahmedabad, points out to the opposite. The L.I.C. policies are not within the reach of the lower income groups and the L.I.C's dealings with women policy holders are prejudiced.

WOMEN OF PAKISTAN

Noted TV personality Mahtab Channa was sacked by President Zia because she refused to cover her head with a dupatta. Is Zia pushing the women back into the medieval age? Interviews with prominent Pakistani women.

CAN BEAUTY BE PRACTISED WITHOUT CRUELTY?

Plus all our regular features.

REPUBLIC DAY BLUES:

Yet another Republic Day will come and go. We will have the usual marchpast and cultural pageants in the capital, inspiring speeches and messages from our leaders and bouquets on our "remarkable progress" from visiting dignitaries. National awards will be distributed among the chosen few and there will be a lot of mutual back-slapping.

It is however, hard to forget that only five months back, on the occasion of our 33rd Independence Day, the nation was rocked by savage communal carnage at Moradabad, Aligarh and other places in Northern India. A prosperous commercial town was nearly wiped out, and strangely enough, most of the killing was the work of the Provincial Armed Constabulary, which is expected to help the people!

The happenings at Moradabad and later Bhagalpur in Bihar would go down as two of the most shameful and shoddiest episodes in the country since Independence, rivalled only by the communal holocaust of Ahmedabad in 1969. A shocked nation learnt that about 35 prisoners and undertrials (some of them criminals) of Bhagalpur had their eyes pierced and acid poured into them by Bihar policemen.

But when 15 of these policemen were suspended by the state government, the "elite" of the town rose in support of them and blamed the authorities and the national press for lowering the morale of the police force! Later, at a seminar in New Delhi, city Police Commissioner Bhinder coolly maintained that crime had come to stay and that even the Soviet Union was not free of crimes.

young husband, instigated by his family members, bit off the breasts of his wife, because she could not provide him with a scooter!

Senseless and organised violence are now part of Indian life. In Tamil Nadu, brave descendants of the Cholas and Pandyas, caught hold of and burnt to death old women suspected of being child lifters or witches. A true saga of Tamil valour which

of rape and began to demand revision of age-old laws, a section of the people induced young women to commit sati and promised to build temples for such "pativratas."

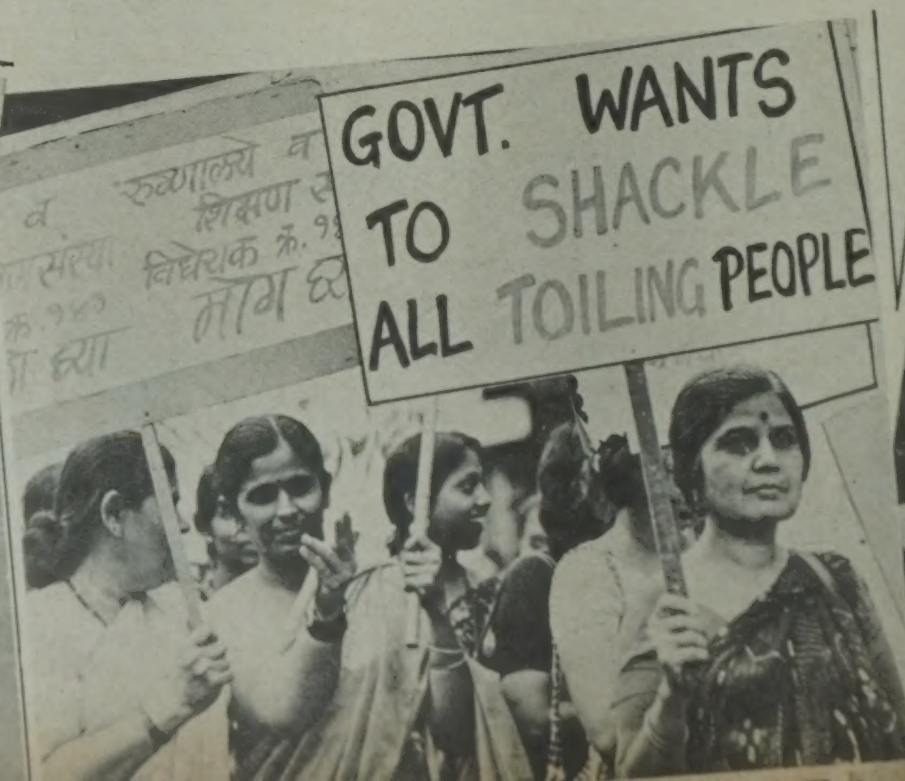
"Where are we heading to? lament our journalists and editorial writers. Why does mob violence flare up at the slightest provocation and destroy public property? Why is there so much despair around us? Life has become a continuous struggle, even for its essentials. It is the Law of the Jungle everywhere. Only the strong, the rich and the corrupt can survive.

The violence and unrest are not merely the symptoms of a society in transition. They indicate a large-scale breakdown of traditional social arrangements, particularly in the urban areas. Classes of people who had been oppressed for centuries are in revolt and those in power do not give in easily. However, this violence does not indicate that Indian society has become aggressive, militant, as in the days of the "Wild West" in America. It has come to symbolise more of a frightened mob, taking courage only in its numbers and reserving its attacks against numerically inferior forces. Thus rich farmers and their henchmen

Each year the Republic Day is celebrated with an explosion of synthetic enthusiasm that makes a mockery of the human condition in the country. While hunger and violence stalk the land, our politicians stage a hollow show that is "all sound and fury signifying nothing"

For Indians, 1980 was the Year of Outrage, Shame and Shock. A new government was voted to power with a massive majority mainly on the issue of law and order. And yet, during the year there were 300 communal riots, 50,000 alleged suicides and 10,000 burnings of women. In Delhi alone, about 200 young brides were burnt to death by their inhuman husbands and in-laws. In a macabre incident, a

may hopefully be immortalised by a future Kamban or Bharatil. In an instance of organised violence, men and women of Bombay's Girgaum, starved of water for three days, paralysed the city by blocking all trains, cars and buses. The happening helped to create yet another Indo-Anglian word, "rasta roko" to take its place along with bandh, gherao and so on. And even as Indian society awakened to the horrors



no ray of hope

V. Gangadhar

coolly chop off the heads of policemen found in isolation in Tamil Nadu villages. In the narrow lanes of RSS-dominated Khadia and Raipur areas of Ahmedabad, "brave" young men hide on top of houses and fling manhole covers on policemen when they are not burning or looting Muslim-owned bakeries or laundries of the area. While covering one such riot, I asked the leader of a gang if any of the young men from the area had ever thought of joining the armed forces and serving the Bharat Mata they all worshipped. There was an embarrassed silence and the youth mumbled that their mothers would never allow them to risk their lives joining the armed forces!

Always ready for action as part of a mob, the Indian, as an individual will never lift a finger to help someone in distress. Three or four hoodlums hold up a packed bus or a railway compartment with impunity and loot the passengers. Some months back a frail, love-lorn youth stabbed and killed in front of thousands of people in broad daylight at Ghatkopar station, a girl who had resisted his advances. "Involvement" is a dirty word in India where the slogan as "Gumballe Govinda" (shout with the mob).

Such public apathy is in sharp contrast with the attitude of the police, another symbol of India's sick society. "Indian Express" columnist Arun Shourie's survey indicated 45 deaths in police custody in and around Delhi in 1980. The patterns of such deaths were distressingly similar — the victims were poor, had committed petty offences or had been merely booked on suspicion and there were no agencies to probe such cases and protect such victims.

The Indian policeman, in 1980, became an object of terror. He beat up a procession of blind men in Delhi, blinded undertrials in Bihar and coolly picked off victims at random in other states. Instances of rape by policemen were on the rise. Inferior education, lack of training and the reliance on physical force for investigation made the Indian policeman qualify for the "Brute of the Year" award. Wretchedly underpaid and exploited by everyone, particularly by politicians, there was no incentive for him to treat people better.

Did the Indian housewife have any cause for joy? She would like to forget 1980 in a hurry, having had to pay Rs. 16 to Rs. 18 for a kilo of sugar during the

festival season. Pulses cost 62 per cent more, oil 29 per cent, garments 15 per cent, cereals 10 per cent and the wholesale price index shot up by 16 per cent. A bag of cement sold at about Rs. 100 in the black market, nearly three times the price fixed by the government. Real estate prices shot up skyhigh, while taxis, trains and buses hiked their rates. It was an endless queue for kerosene and an eternal wait for cooking gas. In Bombay, vegetables disappeared for about ten days following an agitation by big merchants and the middle men who effectively blocked distribution even by small hawkers.

Yet there were heroes and heroines, mostly unsung. My sabjiwali, mother of a three-month old baby, tried her best to maintain supplies. "I go to Kurla to buy vegetables, travel to Mahim to avoid the goondas set up by the middle men, walk to Bandra." There she was almost daily, with a heavy headload of vegetables, climbing the stairs of multistoreyed buildings. And she smiles all the time! I salute such women.

The gap between the rich and the poor continues to widen with the rich totally immune to the sufferings of the poor. The

five-star hotels charging about Rs. 500 per head for Christmas eve and New Year galas, are packed, while millions starve and die in the biting cold. We have magazines telling us how to spend Rs. 50,000 daily or what underarm deodorant the American male fancies. Well-heeled, bearded intellectuals mouth Marxist ideology while chain smoking Dunhill cigarettes. Another group of the elite, start agitations, ostensibly to save Bombay which to them is their exclusive property.

My Republic Day Blues deepen when I review the political scene. We have a government which does not govern and Ministers who ought to start from the primary school stage. Rajasthan's Pahadia spends most of his time in Delhi and is unable to form a ministry even after six months. Andhra's Anjaiah is different, coolly roping in 60 ministers; Maharashtra's Antulay went abroad to seek the legendary sword; Karnataka's Gundu Rao fences with the press all the time.

The opposition is no better. The Bharatiya Janata Party's adoption of "Gandhian Socialism" takes the cake for hypocrisy. At

Continued on page 46



Tests and studies show that given proper training and leadership, women do most jobs as well as men. Then, would this be applicable to the defence services too? And if it is, why are women not recruited and allowed to go into combat?

A very controversial issue indeed! A senior Army officer, defending the present position, said: "I don't think you could rightly call this discrimination. You must remember that we on the contrary, regard our women in the highest esteem. History has shown women fighting side by side with men in times of emergency, during wars, even during the Freedom movement. The women's voluntary service has been formed in dire times with admirable speed. Officers' wives have stood by, when the call was sounded. All very willingly and bravely. Yes, we consider our women to be strong and I can assure you that after weighing all the pros and cons, and considering our social structure, we have come to the conclusion not to involve women in active combat."

In the U.S. Armed Forces there are quite a number of women volunteers both among enlisted ranks as well as among officers. But can we validly compare that country with ours? No doubt we too claim to belong to an egalitarian system guaranteeing equality for all citizens regardless of sex and creed, but the concept of women in the armed forces seems too drastic a departure from our cultural tradition, feel many officers.

In the U.S. Armed Forces the women had been assured that they would never be employed in actual combat, although ex-President Carter almost managed to change this rule. "If the Indian woman feels that she has been discriminated against because there is no opening for her in active service, would she agree to accepting the role of a combatant?" asks a senior Naval officer. The leaders of the German Women's Lib movement argue that in the interest of equality, women should be allowed to volunteer for military service.

The sharp fall in the birthrate in the U.S., U.K. and especially in Germany, has made it doubtful whether by the end of the next decade there will be enough young men available for the military needs of these countries. "We have no such problem," states Admiral Cursetjee. "There is no dearth of man power. And to assign a woman to a position which till today was occupied by a man would mean increasing the number of un-



ABOVE: Maj. Gen. Lakshmikutty of the Military Nursing Service, the seniormost woman Army officer.

RIGHT: Surg. Cdr. Barbara Ghosh, the most senior woman medical officer in the Navy.

and signal units that operate close to the front lines, participate in support teams, and drive and repair trucks and other heavy vehicles as well as work on helicopters. In fact, owing to the shortage of men, it is likely that by 1990 the 46,000 women working as civilians in the German defence services may have to be called up for combatant duty. According to the German Constitution, "Women on no account render service involving the use of arms." This means that the Constitution may have to be changed to allow women to do combat service.

In India, the defence regulations refer only to men's liability for call-up. An Admiral poin-

ted out, "Women must accept the logic that if they claim equality of rights, they cannot reject equality of obligations. They must be prepared to accept conditions to which they will necessarily be exposed. There will be times when both men and women will have to work together in certain pockets of war. And by together I mean very closely, possibly bunking together, and there may be good chances of having say, just one or two women among five or six men."

In 1972, there were 450,000 women in uniform constituting only 1.65 per cent of the U.S. armed forces. Today, it is more than 8 per cent and it is still rising sharply. In India, women's recruitment is unheard of because of the defence services clause which allows only male citizens to apply. "This clause could be modified," one officer said, "provided there was even the slightest hint that women are interested in joining the services."

In the U.S. the Army, the Navy and the Air Force have been encouraging women to go into non-combatant duties. While in the Air Force women are employed as ground crews who service combat aircraft, in the Navy they assign women to intelligence and demolition units and as crews of non-combat vessels. In the Army women work in non-combatant units like mechanical, electrical and repair work.

As for assigning women to combat, the problem is that women are endowed with substantially less physical strength and endurance than men and they are psychologically unsuited for combat because they lack aggressiveness and are far more emotional than men, feels another officer.



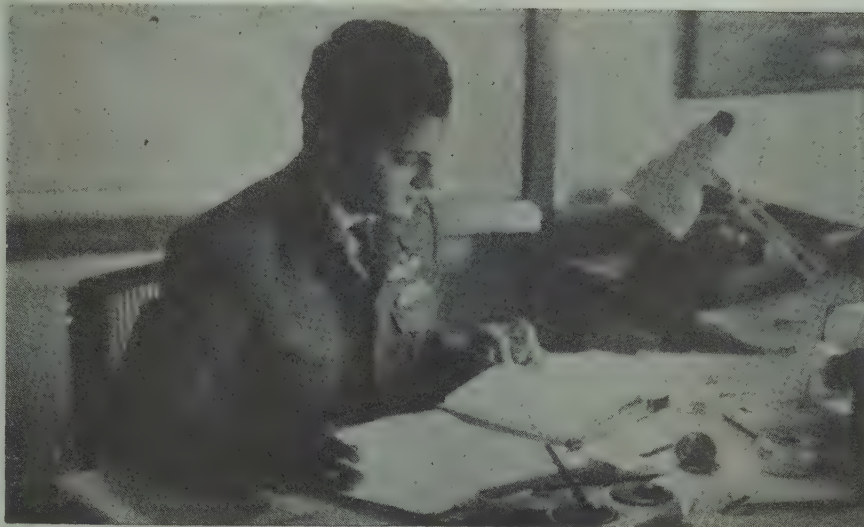
employed men. Also, if we allotted only certain types of jobs to men and the 'softer' types to women, this would mean discrimination not only towards women but also towards men."

What about the female volunteers in the armed forces abroad who are taking over military tasks that in the past were a male monopoly? In the U.S. Army and West German Armed Forces, women serve in missile

Women in the Indian armed forces tend to be employed more in the medical section. Active combat or even non-combat jobs traditionally held by men are still taboo for women, and the fight for equality in this profession will be long and difficult

Lalita Uttamsingh

Squadron Leader Muncherjee said: "A hard-working, intelligent and generally strong woman is definitely preferable to a mediocre man, but I would still not want her to go into hand-to-hand combat or even close to enemy lines." Most officers argue that women in the front lines would create awkward logistical problems such as the need for separate accommodation and sanitation facilities. Cdr. Tekchand fears that while there are certain types of male soldiers who would protect women, there would also be the other kind of whom women would have to be wary. And, the former type could even prove a disadvantage in times of



Sqn. Ldr. Muncherjee: "a hardworking intelligent woman is preferable to a mediocre man, but I would still not want her to go into hand-to-hand combat."

men choose to be released from active duty. Any modifications of the rules pertaining to women recruits both in the enlisted ranks as well as in the officer cadre is possible only on a short-term basis as in the case of women employees of airlines — you can fly as long as you

are unmarried. (Even this has been challenged today). Comparison with the U.S. armed forces is not feasible because these women are in voluntary service and usually tend to quit once they start a family. A woman in the Indian Defence Services, once she is subject to the

regulations of the Defence Ministry, cannot resign any time she wants to, unless the rules are modified to short-terms service which is not practical, is the opinion of a senior officer.

Also, modifications in the standards of recruitment for women according to physiological differences will have to be made. Women have about 50 per cent of the muscle strength of men and about 60 per cent of the endurance of men. Men can withstand temperature differences better. According to one medical opinion, women are shorter, lighter and slower and would not satisfy the medical standards for recruits. They have to go through the same gruelling period of training and serve the same period in the forward areas under extremely difficult conditions.

Any lowering of standards to accommodate women in the ranks would mean a weaker link in that particular department of the fighting force. Restricting them to non-combatant posts would effect the morale of the men, according to Admiral Cursetjee, who said: "The system is based on training and seniority. Women encouraged to join certain positions of non-combat sections, leaving the men to take care of the enemy at all times would threaten troop morale and damage combat effectiveness. Take for example, the Navy. If the women were



Admiral Cursetjee: "women recruits would threaten troop morale and damage combat effectiveness."

war when they might take unnecessary risks to protect their female counterparts who may be wounded or threatened with capture.

Then comes the problem of pregnancy and the consequent absenteeism. In the U.S. until recently pregnancy meant an automatic discharge, but today it is classified as "temporary medical disability." The problem is whether it would be possible to grant maternity leave for say, three months or even two months maternity leave. This would lead to replacement problems. Experience in other countries shows that most wo-

PHYSICAL FITNESS RULES

The physical fitness rules are different for the Army, Navy and the Air Force. An interesting fact to note is that the physical standards required for the eligibility of a jawan who wishes to be recruited in the Army vary from state to state and class to class.

CLASS	HEIGHT cm	CHEST cm	WEIGHT kg
Ahir, Gujar, Jat, Rajput	170	79	53
Bengali, Oriya	166	78	51
Bihari	166	78	50
Tamil Nadu, Kerala	164	78	51
Karnataka, Andhra Pradesh	162	77	50
Mahar/Maratha, Gujarati			
Dogra and other citizens	164	78	50
Adivasi	160	77	48
Gorkha domiciled	157	77	48
Andaman and Nicobar settlers	152	78	50

The physical fitness requirements for the jawans are very strictly adhered to by the recruiting authorities. Even the slightest physical defect would lead to the disqualification of the individual. The following physical defects are normally taken into account when rejecting a prospective recruit: knock knees, pigeon chest, squint eye, flat feet, varicose veins, hammer toes, fractured limbs or decayed teeth.



CAN WOMEN JOIN THE ARMED FORCES?

given only shore jobs with male sailors constantly at sea. It would have terrible repercussions."

Then there is the problem of segregation of the sexes, their inter-reaction and the enforcement of a set of rules of conduct. Men would be barred from women's quarters, but there could be quite a few cases of sexual harassment, as in the U.S. "The basic problem in this country would also be the ethnic differences. What may be acceptable to a man of a certain community may not necessarily be tolerated by one from another community," Squadron Leader Muncherjee pointed out.

In spite of these problems the question remains whether women recruits should be restricted to non-combat duties or should also be sent into combat. Many officers feel that women should be given a chance to opt for combat in case they qualify for it. After all, they point out, Israeli women fought alongside their male counterparts during the 1946 war. But even in Israel, for two major reasons this was done with reluctance. One was the public unwillingness to accept women casualties and the second was the jubilant reaction of the enemy when they learnt that they were going to face units which were comparatively "weaker" because they included women.

Recently, there has been a strong move, particularly in the aviation sector, to include women, say as pilots' mates or simply as parachute service men. In the other services the feeling has been that the assembly and computer sections should be fe-

male oriented. Already women are employed at the Technical Centre in Cochin. Mainly officers' wives given a short and easy training, are employed here on a temporary basis. It is thought that women would do well in the Electronic Data Processing sector, as civilian workers in the Defence Ministry.

That the Indian Armed Forces have women in the Nursing Service and the Medical Corps is

common knowledge. In the Military Nursing Service the first woman to reach the rank of Maj. General was Gertrude Ram in '76. She was succeeded by Maj. Gen. Lakshmikutty who heads the MNS presently. The Nursing Service is a short tenure where in women usually leave once they are married. As a result, there is a shortage of nurses in the armed services because most women experience a lot of resistance from their families about

joining the armed forces even though it is only in the medical division.

In the Army Medical Corps there are both the short-term as well as the permanent commissions, the latter being reserved for specialists in medicine. Then again, only the permanent commissioned women officers can reach the rank of Brigadier or Major-General. The short-term commissioned women doctors do not go beyond the rank of a Major.

Surg. Cdr. Mrs. Ghosh (Paediatrics) was the first woman to be given a permanent commission in the AMC. Serving presently as the most senior woman medical officer in the Navy, she proudly revealed that she would be posted to Pune as Associate Professor of Paediatrics, a position which is highly acclaimed since she achieved it strictly on merit. She explained that most women doctors choose short-term commissions on account of problems arising out of transfers.

At the moment out of the 15 women doctors in the Navy only three are on permanent commission. Women dentists, pathologists and gynaecologists have also served in the services. Besides the Medical Corps and the Nursing Service, women have served as doctors among the paratroops. Here, the name of Lt. Col. Balakrishnan is worth mentioning.

So, while the fight for equal chances for women in the armed forces is bound to be long and difficult, there is every chance that we can win it. After all we do have glorious stories of great women warriors like Rani Lakshmbai to serve as examples. What we need to do is to unite and make vocal our demands.

"Hey,
you're looking
gorgeous!"



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NUTRITION FOR THE INDIAN CHILD

The children of India are the most valuable part of the country's "human resources." Today we have more than 250 million children under 12 years of age and over a 100 million children below the age of 5 years. But it is not the numbers but the **quality** of this child population that is important. It is the **present** state of health and nutrition of our children that will largely determine the quality and calibre of our nation in 2000 AD and beyond.

Health must mean much more than escape from death

In the past, we have tended to view nutritional problems in isolation. We fondly hoped that, without attacking the root causes of malnutrition, we would be able to achieve results through palliative operations like the supplementary feeding programmes which were largely in the nature of "giveaway" of doles with no element of self-generation in them. The so-called nutrition education component of the programmes was often an amateurish theoretical exercise largely unrelated to the hard realities of community life.

A comprehensive nutrition programme for children must include the following elements:

- 1) A programme for ensuring a basic minimum wage for the family which will cover its minimum needs,
- 2) provision of reasonably safe water supply,
- 3) a programme for ensuring basic health care (primary health care) which will include such components as immunisation, oral hydration, family plans and nutritional care,
- 4) adult education and removal of illiteracy (especially female illiteracy).

5) protection and promotion of maternal health.

6) vigorous implementation of family planning.

7) "special" nutrition programmes for control of nutritional blindness, anaemia and goitre.

In the ultimate analysis, however, a successful attack on the problems of ill-health and malnutrition in children will be possible only if there is a deep political and social commitment, at all levels, based on genuine concern and compassion for the children of the poor.

C. Gopalan

Courtesy: UNICEF Feature Service

THE STORY SO FAR

Rita Roy, a 12-year-old orphan arrives at Kanchrapara, near Calcutta, to spend the last fortnight of her summer holidays with her Uncle Sunil and Aunt Sheela who live in a picturesque area of the Railway Colony in a red brick house called Gul Mohar. Aunt Sheela expresses surprise when she learns that her sons, Babloo (10), and Bapi (8) failed to meet Rita at the station. Rita finds the situation decidedly odd, especially since Bapi vehemently denies being told of her coming. Putting the matter out of her mind, she concentrates on the lovely house with its neat, pretty interior, savouring the luxury she was so unaccustomed to at the orphanage.

In the course of her stay, Rita discovers a series of strange goings-on in the house. A missing doll from her dead grandmother, Didima's clay collection upsets Aunt Sheela no end and while Rita searches for it secretly, is startled to see a "ghost" sporting a white sheet and red sandals watching her. Aunt Sheela refuses to believe her story of the encounter with the ghost and states that the only person who wore red sandals was Boorie, the woman who looked after Didima.

NOW READ ON. . .

THE monsoons broke later. Black clouds covered the sun. There was lightning and thunder. Finally, came the rain — pouring in torrents, lashing the countryside, quenching the thirst of the parched land and giving it life.

From the bedroom window Rita watched the storm. She was thrilled, the mystery forgotten for once. She had never seen the like of this before. The storms she had experienced in the city had been milder.

Then an hour later the rain stopped, and the sun appeared again, golden and bright, adding sparkle to the setting. The trees looked fresh and clean. Drops of water on leaves glittered like diamonds. The air was cool. It was a relief after the heat.

At lunch everybody talked about the storm. Even the boys had been thrilled.

"Oh, it was wonderful!" Rita agreed, as Lakshman served her rice.

Lakshman smiled, addressing her. "Didimoni liked the rain?" he asked.

"I did." Rita smiled back at him warmly.

It was the first time they had spoken to each other. She was grateful for the good deed she assumed he had done her. She wished she could thank him.

"It will be a good day down at the tank," Uncle Sunil said, as he helped himself to curry.

"Oh, it will, Babal!" agreed Babloo. "There will be a good catch."

"Let's go fishing, Babal!" cried Bapi, jumping up and down excitedly. "May we go, Ma?"

PART FOUR

the
mystery
at
gul mohar

A Novel For Children
Vernon Thomas



"Yes, you may," smiled his mother. "And take Rita with you. It will be quite exciting for her."

No doubt, Aunt Sheela had forgiven her for what had happened earlier on, Rita felt, her eyes shining.

"Oh, it will be lovely to go fishing, Aunt!" she cried.

"Let's hope you bring us luck," said Babloo.

"Take Jagoo with you," said his mother.

"Oh, Ma!" wailed Babloo, disappointed. "We can look after ourselves."

"Oh, no you cannot! Before you know it, one of you will end up in the water. Jagoo will keep an eye on you," his mother insisted.

Babloo, agreed although unwillingly.

"If you don't want Jagoo to accompany you, then let him go ahead with your things," was the only allowance Aunt Sheela made. "Now eat quickly."

But the three had lost their appetite now. They could hardly wait to get away from the table. The boys hurried into the garden to dig for worms, while Rita stood by, watching.

Babloo talked away excitedly, as he worked. "There'll be a good catch today. We'll have fish for dinner."

"How do you know there will be a good catch?" Rita asked.

"When it is warm the fish don't come to the surface readily," Babloo explained. "They stay deep down where it is cooler. So it is difficult to catch them. Now that it has rained, the surface is cool. The fish will come up and we can catch them."

"The tank is near the hospital," he continued, as they swung down Station Road a while later. "You passed it on your

way from the station. It is owned by a group of men, Baba is one of them. He pays a fee each year, and each member builds his own machan. Fishing is allowed every afternoon. The rule is you cannot catch more than two fish in a day."

"Has Uncle caught many fish?" Rita wanted to know.

"Oh, yes!"

It was Bapi's turn to supply details now. He had been skipping along a little way ahead, but had been listening to the conversation, nevertheless.

"Baba once caught a rohu which weighed about 15 pounds. And there are still bigger fish in the tank."

Bapi pointed to the tank, which had now come into view. Jagoo was waiting for them with their hooks and lines, ready for the fishing.

Jagoo saw them down the slope to the water's edge, towards their machan. There were many such machans built all round the tank, on which men were seated, each busy fishing — each watching the line intently,



THE MYSTERY AT GUL MOHAR

waiting for the slightest movement to indicate a bite.

Rita examined their machan's delicate framework with interest. It consisted of a wooden platform mounted on bamboo poles, built a little way out of the water, and connected with the bank by a slender bamboo bridge, which was really just two bamboo poles tied one above the other. The lower pole was for walking on, the top one was to hold on to.

As the boys were still adjusting their lines, Jagoo invited Rita to climb the machan first. Without hesitation, she kicked off her slippers and started out, moving forward carefully. The bridge swayed gently as she went along. Then all of a sudden the pole beneath gave away, and with a small cry Rita fell into the water.

She started to swim for land at once; she was quite a good swimmer, but the suddenness of what had taken place had shaken her. She was trembling by the time she reached the bank.

Jagoo helped her to wring the water from her dress, clicking his tongue in sympathy. Then Rita sat down on the grass and shivered, while Bapi shrieked in amusement at her condition.

"Oh, but you do look funny!" he giggled.

Babloo did not share his brother's amusement. He went to check how the mishap had taken place. He came back frowning.

"The rope must have got rotted in the rain," he said "That was how it broke."

"No," disagreed Jagoo, who had also gone to check. "It looks as if the rope came undone."

"But how can that be? They are always tied so firmly," argued Babloo.

But Jagoo was correct. For on further investigation, the rope was found intact. It was in one piece. It had simply come undone.

"No more fishing for today," advised Jagoo. "We must get Didimoni back to the house to change. Or she might catch cold."

He smiled at Rita reassuringly and put out a hand to help her to her feet. But Rita stood up on her own. She did not like Jagoo, somehow. Maybe, it was because of his long black whiskers and piercing black eyes. She was not quite sure.

Aunt Sheela was most concerned when she heard of Rita's misadventure.

"Dear me! Thank goodness, you're safe! It could have been dangerous," she said to Rita.

Changed and dry once more, Rita felt better.

"It was nothing, Auntie." She smiled. "I can swim quite well."

"It is a good thing that you can swim well," Aunt Sheela remarked. She glanced at the clock, and turned to the boys. "Well, since fishing is over for the day, and there is still plenty of time, I suggest you three go and collect mangoes. Many have been blown down in the storm."

"Lovely! Lovely!" whooped Bapi, and raced away at once.

RITA STARED AT THE PAPER IN DISBELIEF. THEN, REALISING THAT THE BOYS MIGHT NOT YET BE ASLEEP, SHE SWITCHED OFF THE TORCH, AND CRUMPLED THE PAPER IN HER PALM

Babloo went after him, with Rita behind. Jagoo followed with a huge basket.

The four of them got down to the work and soon there were no more mangoes to be collected.

"Let's pluck some now," suggested Babloo.

"Yes, let's! The tree's full," agreed Rita.

Jagoo said he would climb the tree and do the plucking. And soon it was great fun with the three of them racing around, collecting the mangoes as they fell, each trying to collect the most.

Suddenly, as Rita bent to pick up an extra large mango, there was a warning shout from above. Before she could gather her wits, a huge branch came crashing down to land almost at her feet. She was narrowly saved from being hurt.

Babloo and Bapi rushed to her side, most concerned.

Jagoo called out from the tree anxiously, "Are you all right?"

Rita laughed, and said she was fine.

Aunt Sheela, who had heard the noise, rushed to find out what was happening. Jagoo got down from the tree to give her the story.

It appeared, he had leaned too far out on a branch. It had given way, but he had managed to warn Rita in time.

"Today seems to be your bad day, Rita," Aunt Sheela remark-

ed at the end. "But you are lucky. Saved both times." She turned to the boys now, clapping her hands to call attention. "Time for tea now. Tea first and then your baths."

They spent that evening more quietly, playing a game of carrom in which even Aunt Sheela joined. There was a lot of merry laughter, as Bapi was caught cheating several times, and had to be good-naturedly brought to book.

Dinner followed. All three ate well, making up for having had less at lunch.

Bed came next, and Rita retired quite pleased with her day. It had been fine, in spite of the accidents.

As she lay down, she yawned sleepily, slipping her hand under her pillow, to make certain that her torch was there. Beside the torch she felt a slip of paper. Wondering, she drew it out, and took the torch to examine it.

Next moment she almost cried out in surprise. Scrawled across the paper in a bold, untidy hand were the words

"BETTER TELL ALL YOU KNOW, LEST WORSE THINGS HAPPEN TO YOU." 'A FRIEND.'

Rita stared at the paper in disbelief. Then, realising that the boys might not yet be asleep, she switched off the torch, and crumpled the paper in her palm.

As she settled down again staring at the ceiling in the darkness, she knew that the events of the afternoon had not been accidents. They had been done on purpose to frighten her.

She realised she was in danger.

The sitting room clock struck three when finally the answer arrived to: Who had untied the rope on the machan? Jagoo! It could not have been any one else. He had gone ahead, had had sufficient time. Further proof lay in the fact that Jagoo had invited her to get on the machan first.

About the falling branch also. On second thoughts, Rita was sure. It could have been an accident. But there was enough proof now to point to Aunt Sheela. Aunt Shee-

la had been quite determined that Jagoo accompany them to the tank. And Jagoo was Aunt Sheela's accomplice.

Rita's conclusion was both exciting and frightening. Exciting because she was most interested to know what it was all about. Frightening, because now her life was in danger, and she had two enemies to deal with. She was glad, though, that some pieces of the puzzle were beginning to fit into place.

Yet, why? Why should they want her dead? What did Aunt Sheela wish to know? And how much did Jagoo know? How much had Aunt Sheela told him?

True, he was a servant expected to carry out orders. But even a servant would question such an act as trying to cause harm to another. Maybe he was bribed.

She examined the note again in the light of her torch, noticing for the first time the shape of the Ts. The writing was disguised, no doubt. But the shape of those Ts pointed to Aunt Sheela. Rita knew this, having seen a sample of her aunt's capital letters.

She sighed. How she wished she knew what her aunt was after! It would be a lot easier that way. As things stood, it was like dealing with an enemy without weapons.

As the clock struck the half hour, Rita realised that the night was almost gone. Another night without sleep! From the moment she had discovered the note under her pillow, her brain had been ticking away, causing her to toss and turn through the hours.

It was a lovely night — cool and pleasant after the rain. Rita wished she could sleep. But the loss of sleep was in a small way made up for by the fact that she had found some of the answers she had been searching for.

Answers! Answers, in reply to questions! That was it! She must ask questions. Not only of herself, but of others as well.

But what sort of questions should she ask? Certainly not direct ones. And asking questions of Aunt Sheela would mean inviting suspicion. Aunt Sheela was shrewd. If she got the idea that Rita was prying, she would not hesitate to send her away. Then she would never know what it was all about. The mystery concerned Didima, so for Didima's sake she must be prepared to face all dangers. Rita decided.

Rita thought some more, and made up her mind that it would be safest to question Jagoo.

Continued on page 40



A THOUGHTFUL GIFT

Photograph : Harbans Mody

Creativity, undoubtedly, leads to completeness of life as is in the case of Delhi-based Padma Syal, who is 60 and living by herself. Her daughters are married and her son is abroad. She keeps herself engaged in making handicrafts—a hobby she took up after the death of her husband years ago. She started by stitching dresses for her grand-daughter. And after her children were settled and, she had more time on her hands, she started making handicrafts which she sold.

"When you create something, you are worth something," she smiles. "I enjoy making handicrafts—they keep me occupied and provide me with pin money too." Her other interests include knitting, making cakes and gardening.

Featured here are some attractive laundry bags made by her. They are stitched in a variety of fabrics with a zip-fastener in front. The animal heads are stuffed with cottonwool and the base is in cardboard/plywood.

THE HIJACK

Uma Thakar

ANIL finally finished dealing with the pile of papers on his desk and stretching himself comfortably leaned back and looked around at the people in the office. There was Mr. Murthy, the old clerk, behind him. Mr. Murthy loved his files. He was either filing papers or removing papers from files. Anil watched him going through this process. Next to Anil sat a man of twenty-six or twenty-seven, about his own age. He was not particularly intelligent, but was known for his diligence. Anil admired him for this quality which he himself lacked.

Anil had always been exceptionally intelligent. He found that everything came easy to him. It had been that way in school too. Effortlessly he had scored over his classmates both in studies and sports. This naturally aroused a feeling of envy among his classmates. He still painfully remembered the time when a gang of boys had waited for him after school one day and threatened to beat him up. He had been frightened. He remembered the awful constricting feeling in his chest and the pounding in his ears. They had only threatened him and let him off. Later he wished they had not spared him. The threat of a future thrashing hung over him till much later.

Anil felt impatient and restless. The walls of the office seemed to close on him. He felt a sense of claustrophobia.

"The boss is calling you," a peon came up to him, disturbing his musings.

Anil picked up a sheaf of papers and entered Mr. Mehta's cabin. Mr. Mehta was an energetic, middle aged man and presently manager of the firm. He had immense drive and initiative, which was responsible for his speedy rise to the top. Mr. Mehta knew that he had made a correct choice when he had selected Anil for employment in the firm. Anil was proving to be by far the most brilliant man on the staff. At times Mr. Mehta felt that the firm did not provide enough scope for Anil's dynamic ideas and he might leave them. Anil had tended to be rebellious at

times, but Mr. Mehta prided himself on having squashed these ideas in time. He shuddered as he thought of how the young man had wanted to weed out some of the older staff and bring in new blood.

Anil stood before Mr. Mehta. He knew that this was the man responsible for bringing him into the firm and in a strange way, he resented it because he was obliged to be grateful to this man as a result.

Mr. Mehta cleared his throat.

"I want you to accept a few more responsibilities," he said slowly, watching Anil's reaction closely.

Anil's face was blank. It registered no reaction. He waited for Mr. Mehta to continue speaking.

"It's the Tyagi account," he said picking up some papers lying on his table.

Anil drew up a chair, sat down and listened attentively, putting in a few comments occasionally. Suddenly he felt far away, not at all involved in the discussion taking place. He tried to force his mind back to what was being said, but found that he could no longer relate to the ideas being explained by Mr. Mehta. This was not the first time it had happened. On these occasions it became physically and mentally unbearable for him to continue sitting in the office. It was by a great exertion of will power that he did so.

The discussion finally drew to an end and he returned to his own seat. Anil felt that everyone was eyeing him curiously and he idly wondered if he had mysteriously grown a second pair of ears.

He sat down in his chair, and in order to compose himself, he doodled on a writing pad before him. An idea began to form in his mind. At first it appeared absurd, but as he dwelt on it, it began to appear more feasible.

He would need a firearm for the project that was forming in his mind. George could help him of course, but though George was a sport he might feel that he would get into hot water as an abettor. He would tell George it was for some revolutionaries. George could never even suspect that he, Anil, an executive in a large firm, would want to hijack a plane. Yes, Anil repeated the words to himself

softly. He would hijack a plane. He would shock the world by doing the unbelievable. He would relieve the immense boredom of his life and the strange feeling of estrangement.

There was a sudden rustle of movement in the office. Everyone was getting up and putting their papers and files away, and with a start Anil realized that it was time to leave.

Anil soon realized that hijacking a plane involved quite a few details. He had to study airline schedules and decide on a suitable flight. He had to conceal the revolver which George procured for him. As a result, he was in a state of feverish activity during work hours and after.

He began to feel that he had eventually found a purpose in life. The dull routine of the office, his feeling of isolation, left him miraculously. He felt he had entered a new and exciting way of life.

As the day he had decided on drew near, Anil found it impossible to concentrate on his work

in the office. He spent his time rehearsing his plan carefully. He went over it again and again till he felt that there were no loopholes in it. Only one question occurred to him occasionally. What would he do after the hijack? He could find no answer. He realized that he might be imprisoned, but he dismissed the thought as only a distant possibility.

The day before his proposed hijack, Anil applied for a week's casual leave. It did not occur to him to take more. There would be no returning for him.

The next day Anil checked his air ticket before he entered the airport. He was outwardly calm, but in reality he was more nervous than he cared to admit. He was going to undertake an action that would cut him off from his old life and familiar circle of friends. It was an irrevocable step.

But he steadied himself as he walked into the airport lounge. He was amid a crowd of people.

An old lady came up to him nervously.



"Could you tell me what time the flight to London leaves?" she enquired.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," Anil answered politely, "you'll have to ask Enquiries."

"Oh, they're so impatient and busy," she clucked, but moved away in search of the Enquiries counter.

Anil found a corner of the lounge which was not too crowded and sat there, with his small travelling bag near him. It contained the most important tool of his plans — the revolver.

"Hi, Anil! Where are you headed for?" he heard someone hail him, and looked up to find a distant cousin standing before him. Anil suppressed a nervous start. The inevitable had taken place and he had been recognized.

"Which flight are you on?" his cousin asked him and when he reluctantly mentioned his destination, his cousin said joyfully, "Fantastic! We're on the same one. I have some company now."

Anil almost found himself giving up his plan, dismissing the whole idea and returning to office. Then he reminded himself that he had gone too far to turn back now. He had already geared his mind to the idea and couldn't switch it back to his former mundane existence.

Suddenly, breaking through the medley of voices in the airport, the announcer's voice called out their flight. Anil hurried forward with his cousin following closely. They found their places in the plane. After the baggage loading and other pre-flight formalities had been completed, the plane took off smoothly.

Anil let ten minutes slip by, but as he was about to get up and walk down the aisle towards the pilot's cabin an air-hostess stopped by to ask him what he needed. "Nothing, thanks," he answered abruptly. He waited till she returned to the rear of the plane and then stood up. He suddenly had a strange feeling, the very same feeling that he had experienced when he had sat in Mr. Mehta's cabin in the office. He felt that he was no longer a part of what was going on, he felt a stranger to himself.

Silently, Anil made his way up the gangway towards the pilot's cabin. An air-hostess materialised behind him. "Excuse me sir, but passengers are not allowed beyond this point," she said. Anil had been waiting for this moment. He whipped out his gun, and pointing it at her as he had seen it being done in mo-

vies, forced her into the pilot's cabin.

The pilot turned round startled. "What's going on?" he asked. "What do..."

"Just keep your cool and keep the plane in the air," Anil said; more confident now that his course of action had begun. "Change course and fly to Kuwait instead," he ordered the pilot.

"It is right off our course," the pilot protested weakly, carefully watching the big, black pistol Anil was wielding.

"It doesn't matter," Anil snapped. He watched intently as the pilot fiddled with some knobs on the panel.

HE WOULD SHOCK THE WORLD BY DOING THE UNBELIEVABLE.

HE WOULD RELIEVE THE IMMENSE BOREDOM OF HIS LIFE, THE STRANGE FEELING OF ESTRANGEMENT...

As the huge airplane slowly changed course, he could hear a rising murmur of puzzled voices from the passengers and as a precaution he locked the connecting door. He felt vastly more secure now.

There was crackling noise over the radio. "What's that?" Anil asked sharply.

"Air control wants to know why we're changing course," the pilot answered. "What shall I tell them?"

"Cut off the radio contact," Anil said in a crisp tone of command.

The pilot looked perplexed. "I said cut off the radio contact," Anil repeated menacingly. "Or I'll have to use this gun," he added and wondered how he could say such words as he observed the pilot's frightened face.

Kuwait. Anil idly wondered what the country would offer. Money, he had heard. He could amass some money there once he had this hijack behind him. But the police might find him out. The pilot and air-hostess would talk. They could describe him. He had planned to cover his face behind a kerchief, but what was the use? His cousin would have given the game away. Then he dismissed the fear. He would be too far away by the time they got over the shock.

"We're coming into Kuwait airport," the pilot informed Anil. "We have to get a clearance for landing, but our radio contact is cut off," he added shakily.

"You can relax," Anil said more confidently than he felt. "They must have located us on the radar by now."

"It'll be a risk," the pilot insisted.

"We can't help it," Anil said.

The plane glided in gradually for the landing, the pilot tense the pale. Beads of sweat had broken out on his forehead. He was endangering his own life and the life of every passenger. But what alternative did he have? The petrol tanks were emptying and couldn't take them much further. He had to land in any event.

The airport was fully alert to the Indian plane coming in for

of the pilot, the onrush of the police.

The hearing began. The witnesses — the pilot, the air-hostess and even his cousin — gave their statements. The evidence mounted against him. Anil stood quietly, almost a spectator. He wondered mildly when he had last shaved. There was a rough stubble on his chin.

"Would you like to say anything in your defense?" the grey haired judge asked Anil.

"Yes I would," Anil said, "but not in my defense. I'd like to talk about contact and love. I'd like to talk about human feeling. Contact...reaching out to the souls within each other. That's

the unexpected landing. They had assumed that it was an emergency due to engine trouble and they were ready for the plane.

"You two don't move. I've got my gang waiting outside in the passenger section and they'll shoot at my order," Anil said in a sudden burst in inspiration.

The pilot and the airhostess looked scared.

As soon as the plane landed, Anil told the pilot, "Let me out of the door now and then close it behind you. If you try anything funny, I'll blow up your plane."

As Anil stepped off the plane, he was greeted by a host of airport personnel, demanding to know the cause for the emergency landing. Anil pushed his way through them. "Just a moment," he said, "I must get to a phone, and don't go near the plane, it's dangerous," he bluffed.

That was when things started going wrong, Anil remembered later. The pilot rushed out of the plane, pointing out to Anil. He got the message through that Anil had hijacked the plane and the authorities surged forward to catch him. He remembered that he had fired his gun wildly, injuring one of the people in the crowd.

Later, as he stood in the court, these memories flooded him, the hazy details — the pilot's sweating face, the queasy feeling in the pit of his stomach as he had held the gun in front

very important. I'm not religious, so when I say 'soul', I don't mean the Christian concept of the religious being within us. I mean the core of love and humanity within each of us. We can only reach this by contact.

"The contact is more important than anything else," Anil continued, growing intense. "It's even more important than fame, prestige and money. I've gone after these things and I admit that they have their importance. But I've come to realize that we've lost contact in this process. We've lost contact..."

"It's nothing complicated I'm talking about. I'm talking about contact and Love. Love...this is the essential inner being within us and I don't want us to lose it. We'll have to put up a tough fight to recover this nearly lost feeling and keep fighting to preserve it. Why did I hijack a plane? It's crazy, you must be thinking. And what's it got to do with what I'm talking about? Practically nothing. But I admitted defeat. I opted out of the rat race. I hope someone puts up a fight..."

The court room began to clear gradually. People were returning to their offices after the lunch break. Some college students who had come to see the now famous hijacker, walked out with something to talk about for the next week.

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While the women's lib movement is making progress the world over and women are clamouring for equality and being granted it, our own Hindi film industry is either supremely ignorant of the goings on outside its limited circle or else has decided to be totally untouched by it. Even in the international sports field where previously there was a marked disparity in the prize money paid to male and female stars, this year found Martina Navratilova earning more dollars than even temperamental star John McEnroe.

Yet, our film industry continues to be male-dominated. Like Prakash Mehra so aptly put it, our audience is ever ready to accept a 60-year-old man as an evergreen hero. Dev Anand who belongs to this category has his own fan following which is eager to see him doing the romantic jig. Dev himself refuses to accept his age and switch over to more mature roles like his contemporary, Dilip Kumar. But Hema, who is only 32 compared to Dev's 60 or Dharam's 50 is being rejected as a leading lady today.

Raakhee too is being eased out of the romantic scene. But Raakhee has always sold as a solo artiste. The success of 'Tapasya' was Raakhee's personal triumph since she was not even backed by saleable male stars, and women-oriented subjects have been written with her in mind. It's only now that Rekha and

Zeenat have joined in the fray to grab women-oriented roles. After the success of 'Khoobsurat' Rekha is more sought after and people are writing roles with just her in mind, but her sudden success hasn't made a big difference in her market value.

Today Amitabh, who is considered to be the number one star, is rumoured to being paid

as high a price as Rs. 32 lakhs! On the other hand Rekha, the number one female star, earns a paltry Rs. 10 lakhs. Quite a disparity. Despite the fact that both are considered number one commercially, as well as very good artistes. Even in a film where the two of them are cast together Rekha earns only one-third of the sum paid to the

leading man of the film.

It was the same with Hema-Dharam in their heyday. Though both were equally popular and sold as a team, Hema earned far less compared to Dharam, in spite of the fact that in her prime a film with Hema sold because she was in it. No other heroine to date has enjoyed this privilege. After 'Khoobsurat', though Rekha was highly acclaimed for her dynamic performance in the film our chauvinistic industry naturally singled out Hrishikesh Mukherjee and showered praise on him. It was Hrishida who profited the most from the success of the film. Rekha's 'Khoobsurat' was followed by successful hits like 'Judaai' and 'Maang Bhara Sajna' but her market rate did not accelerate as one expected, considering her stupendous box-office draw.

Zeenat too had a fairly lucky year. Generally considered as a terrible actress, her success story started with 'Alibaba Aur Chalis Chor' (in which she scored over Hema performance-wise) accelerated with 'Qurbani's tremendous success and has now reached dizzying heights with 'Insaf Ka

Continued on page 40

WHY ARE THE HEROINES PAID LESS?

A. T. Jayanthi

THE MALE DOMINATED FILM INDUSTRY STILL INSISTS ON PAYING TOP HEROINES ONLY HALF OF WHAT IT PAYS ITS HEROES



ZEENAT AMAN
Photograph: Rakesh Shrestha

REKHA
Photograph: Girish Shukla

NOT IN OUR STARS BUT IN OURSELVES

... a bit of Shakespearean advice that goes unheeded, as the avidity with which horoscopes are cast and read, proves

Joan Khurody

"The past and the future are nothing in the face of the stern today."

Very few people can accept this dictum. Most of us, rather than looking today bravely in the face, prefer either to gaze into a pleasant past—and it is amazing how much more pleasant Today is when it has become Yesterday—or to strain for a sight of the future.

We hope and dream and such hopes and dreams for the future are the spurs to present action. We have thus a very practical motive for reading the stars, but we are also driven by simple curiosity. We want to know the future for the same reason that we want to climb a mountain—because it is there—we hope.

From the earliest times, men have connected the more dramatic events of life on earth with the always dramatic movements of the stars and planets. Even before there was any scientific knowledge of the vastnesses of space, the night sky, arching above small, isolated human groups, must indeed have impressed them with a sense of their own helplessness and insignificance. Add to this their realisation that the sun's heat sustained and nourished life and their experience of the heavenly bodies as guiding lights in the darkness and it is not surprising that men looked to the sky for aid and to the stars for guidance and information about the future.

Even in our present age of technical and scientific sophistication, many people (despite a declared disbelief in astrology in some cases) do read horoscopes in magazines and newspapers. Probably those who do not admit to reading them are sneak-thieves of their destiny. One significant fact to emerge from a student-conducted research into the readership patterns of newspaper magazine sections was that the number of people interested in this feature is considerable. The interest was so strong that one paper, giving it a particularly high coverage, was often

preferred over other papers. One important publication that had dropped the horoscope during a newsprint shortage, received so many letters from disappointed readers that it had to be reintroduced.

How do people explain the continuing fascination that horoscopes have for them despite the fact that they so rarely experience any real correlation between what is foretold and what actually happens?

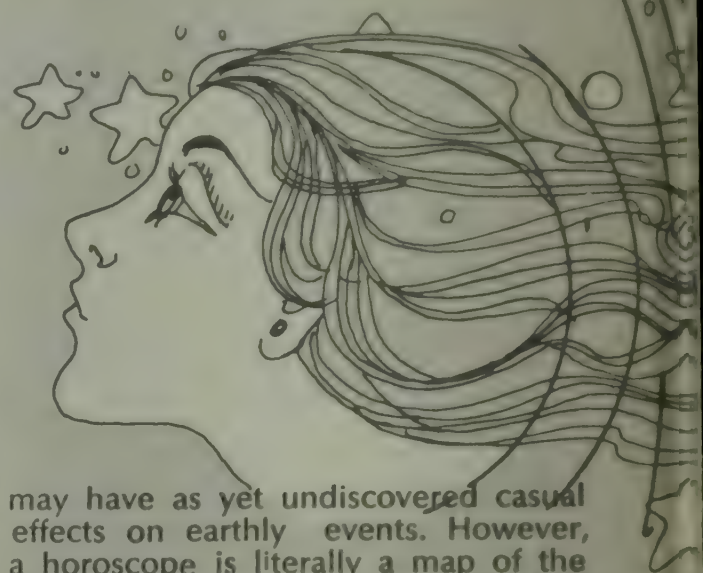
Often the mere hope of something exciting occurring can lend a fillip to everyday existence. On the other hand, those unconvinced of the validity of a prophecy watch events in order to prove that their disbelief is justified and any negative result gives them the pleasure of being right. So they too continue to enjoy the horoscope.

Occasionally something occurs which seems to fulfil a forecast. One person has told me that the stars foretold a financial gain and that her grandfather on a surprise visit gave her a handsome present. Such "coincidences" merely strengthen some primitive element in us that needs to believe in fairies, miracles and magic. There is a primeval core in people that tries to break through the hardest veneer of sophistication. Generally people are more ready to accept good news than bad. They have a more tenacious belief in a pleasant prediction than in one that spells gloom and doom.

A few people claim to read the horoscope in the same spirit that they read the comic strips—for pure entertainment. Some go so far as to say that if the other contents of newspapers and magazines were more lively, the horoscope would have less appeal. They feel that in a dull publication the star page shines brightly in comparison to the rest.

To come to the point at issue, there is no reason to dismiss the claims of

astrology out of hand. It is a fact that the moon exercises gravitational pull on the oceans and land masses of the earth and it is arguable that stars and planets of greater density



may have as yet undiscovered casual effects on earthly events. However, a horoscope is literally a map of the heavens at the time of an individual birth. An astrologer, as an experienced map-reader, can assess that individual's temperament and predict the general tendencies of his life. But in order to do this with any degree of accuracy, he has to consider the day and the moment of birth together with many other factors. Further, when people are associated with others in close relationships there will be an interaction between their lives and destinies.

It follows then, that even if we accept these claims of the astrologers, the very generalised predictions that we get in all our favourite publications are not likely to have much meaning. What they actually do is to meet some deep-rooted need for security, for knowledge that will give our actions a firmer basis. But they play with this need. They provide frivolous answers to what are in essence serious questions.

A great part of the reading public's interest obviously centres on "stars" and "heavenly bodies" be they in film magazines or horoscopes. While acknowledging the possible validity of astrology when it is approached honestly and seriously, we should not consider the latter to be any more truly relevant to our lives than the former.

MY friends invariably derive much amusement from my stock of lesser acquaintances. It does not do much good to explain to them that this motley crew is not always of my own choosing. Certain persons have a knack of gathering incongruous elements of humanity and for no obvious reason, before being aware of it, their personal histories are unburdened in confidential and apparently reluctant snatches. Human eccentricities and preferences have, I confess, a latent fascination for me, and the fact that I am a tolerably good listener may be one of the reasons why I am the recipient of more isolated experiences and irrelevant anecdotes than is good for my peace of mind.

All this of course, has only a faint connection with my friend Arvind, who has unfailingly proved time and again, that there are no limits to human ingenuity. The instinct to get something for nothing is deep-rooted in the human race. Perhaps the exigencies of modern living, where one pays only too dearly for things in the long run which prove worthless, have aggravated this tendency. It may perhaps be encouraged by a subconscious feeling of vicarious illegality.

Arvind has answered newspaper advertisements for free samples or trial offers ("without obligation") that have come his way, irrespective of whether they were of any earthly use to him or not. He has reduced his racket to a fine art. If he has occasionally been involved in unpleasantness he has managed to squirm out of it without apparent difficulty. Frequently he writes to well-established firms complaining that their goods are not up to expectations or have deteriorated in quality. On one occasion, the Sun Blade Company, in an expansive mood and under the impression that his patronage was highly desirable (he represented himself to them in writing as an industrial magnate!), had forfeited a dozen blades rather than incur his displeasure. This success emboldened him. He even attempted to persuade the Butterfly Cycle Company that it would be worth their while to let him give them valuable service... for a consideration. He was indignant when they declined his offer in a profusely polite letter.

I hadn't met him for some time when his propensity introduced me to one of his victims. Another old friend of mine, Vasant, had become a salesman for a famous soap concern and had written to me that he was

THE INSTINCT TO GET SOMETHING FOR NOTHING IS DEEP-ROOTED IN THE HUMAN RACE. PERHAPS THE EXIGENCIES OF MODERN LIVING, WHERE ONE PAYS TOO DEARLY FOR THINGS WHICH PROVE WORTHLESS, HAVE AGGRAVATED THIS TENDENCY

coming down. I hadn't seen him for years and was looking forward to meeting him again, so I asked him to stay with me.

The first exuberance of meeting over, I noticed that Vasant had become less amusing but that his maturity had lent him a dignity he had lacked before. "Well what brings you here?" I asked, when we were again reduced to the level of commonplace.

"A funny business," he replied.

I raised my eyebrows. "How's that?"

"Do you know a person called Arvind...?"

"Why, yes," I said and laughed. "Don't tell me he has been trying to get some free soap off you? And surely you haven't come all this distance for that?"

"Well, perhaps he is. I really don't know."

"What's the matter?"

"He has written a letter to our English agents asking them to send three dozen cakes, as our quality seems to have deteriorated since it was made locally. He wants the same stuff he used to have when he was in England."

That was too much for me. I nearly choked with amusement.

Vasant looked at me suspiciously.

"Listen old chap," I said, "Arvind has never been to England. He's never been out of this town — except maybe to the nearest hill station on the odd holiday. You can take my word for it."

"I don't suppose he's the most famous doctor in these parts — is he?"

"Who, Arvind? He's the assistant manager of the local shoe factory."

"I thought there was something fishy," Vasant said, "Because, you see, our soap was never manufactured in England in the first place!"

"Don't worry" I said. "He'll be satisfied if you let him have one cake free. That's all he really wants."

"He's certainly got a new angle of approach!" Vasant said.

"That is just his racket," I said. "He enlivens things with petty blackmail," and I told him the more popular of Arvind's doings. I hear that Vasant settled the affair by giving Arvind a few cakes of soap, and he was pleased as punch at his victory.

Nothing could induce Arvind to abandon his foible. The ridicule of his friends had made him more secretive, and as I always lent him a sympathetic ear, I was regaled with interminable tales of his futile larcenies.

Ever since I had known him, Arvind was a confirmed bachelor, and I never stood on formality about visiting him at unconventional hours. Early one May morning, being at a loose end, I dropped in on him casually. I was horrified to be greeted by a woman of extraordinarily generous dimensions and a pronounced squint. She told me she was

Continued on page 43

NOTHING IS FREE

Kobita Sarkar



THE WINNING

This is the first of twelve fashion features which will enable you to win a wardrobe from the most popular and exclusive boutiques of Delhi and Bombay — NALINI SAREES.

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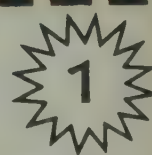


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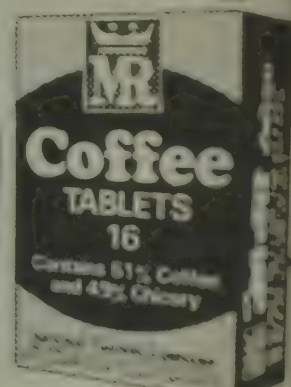
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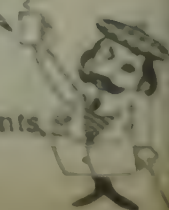
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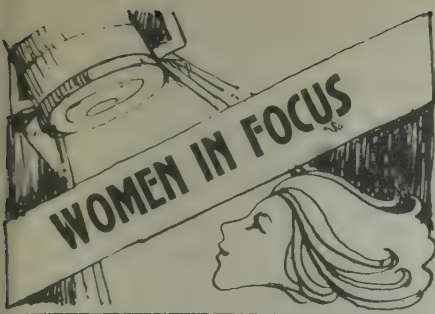
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DEVYANI PARIKH

OF POTS & PAINTS

What strikes you immediately on stepping into her small compact flat is the all pervading greenery. On a long low side table is an oblong ceramic tray filled with a mind-boggling variety of cacti and succulents; in the corner, in an ancient copper pot is a profusion of 'baby's tears', by the dining table is a layered arrangement of plants; hanging pots overflowing with healthy green leaves line the corridor leading to the balcony, which she has with effort and imagination converted into a delightful indoor garden.

The lady with the green fing-

ers is Mrs. Devyani Parikh an anaesthetist by profession, though the two hobbies she has taken up seriously and successfully are growing plants and painting.

Growing indoor plants, she says, requires a minimum of time, money and talent and is an ideal hobby for working women. She began by collecting odd cacti from friends and from exhibitions, and planting them haphazardly in pots and trays.

They soon took root and multiplied making no demands except for a little water and sunlight.

Mrs. Parikh is also a bonsai enthusiast, and a miniature banyan tree and an orange tree complete with tiny bitter oranges (suitable for marmalade) grace the balcony of her flat.

Mrs. Parikh's profession is an exacting one. She chose anaesthetics because it was the "greatest boon to human suffering. I once, saw a patient undergoing minor surgery without anaesthesia and saw the suffering he endured, and it really shook me up. In the last two decades



anaesthesia has made it possible to carry out the most complicated surgical procedures. When I was in my final year (she trained at the K.E.M.) a new cardio-thoracic centre came up where cardiac operation were carried out which took as much as 6-8 hours and the patient was under anaesthesia all this time." After she completed her MBBS she did three months internship in anaesthetics and that decided her to go in for anaesthetics at a time when few women doctors specialised in this area.

Mrs. Parikh's husband is a dentist and she has a school-going daughter. "At times it is

difficult to manage a career and a home as emergency ops like caesarians or appendicitis can call me out at any time of the day, but I think a woman should take up a career to get more confidence and be independent" says Mrs. Parikh.

After a busy day at the hospital which can include an average of six to seven operations, Mrs. Parikh finds it relaxing to attend to her plants and her other hobby of oil painting. Three large canvases in varying hues of red, yellow and blue adorn the living and dining room walls. She has participated in several group art exhibitions and also plans to stage a solo exhibition at either the Jehangir or Bajaj art gallery. In 1968 she held an exhibition of her work at the Ford Company Gallery in the U.S.A. and has so far sold 20 paintings.

Mrs. Parikh also enjoys cooking continental dishes — particularly Italian for which her husband has a weakness. Her work does not allow her much free time but in between caesarians and appendectomies she manages to spend a little time each day with her pots and paints.

Minu Cherian



GLORIA FEINBURG

INDUSTRIAL PSYCHOLOGIST

Gloria Feinburg, industrial psychologist and councillor, is visiting India with her husband, Dr. Mortimer Feinburg. It's a business holiday almost for Gloria, because Dr. Feinburg is touring the Indian cities to hold seminars on Effective Psychology for workshop managers and she sits in on all these. Dr. Mortimer is one of the best known of Industrial Psychologists in America. Their's is a joint venture and while Dr. Feinburg is the Chairman of B.F.S. Psychological Association, Inc. of New York. Gloria is the President. They have lectured and travelled all over the world during the last fifteen years.

Gloria met and married her future husband while they were students in the New York University in 1947. Her own career has continued unabated in spite of a lovely home and two sons



who needed a lot of attention. She worked as a psychologist at the Grassland Hospital in New York, a public hospital where she treated criminal cases among others

Since psychology is so widely used for executive selection in industrial and commercial firms. it was interesting to know a little about the methods used for such tests. Mrs. Feinburg has been working for various firms in the U.S.A. on these lines. She said, "The psychological testing is gaining more and more popularity because of its proved efficacy. My speciality has been to follow the method evolved by the Swiss psychologist Rorschach, fifty years ago. The last several years have seen it standardised and used extensively." "What exactly is it?" Gloria Feinburg explained "It will probably amuse or startle a layman to know that the Rorschach Test consists of the use of ten blot-

of ink in various shapes and combination of colours to determine characteristics such as emotional stability, drive, ability to make quick decisions, creativity and a certain amount of originality."

Mrs. Feinburg and her husband, Dr. Feinburg founded the B.F.S. Psychological Association, Inc. in New York, a widely used consultative firm. They are the joint authors of "Leave-Taking" a book which has gained popularity in America. Says Gloria, "The life-span of 'Leave-Taking' covers all aspects of the emotional breaks and changes which beset a human being. A baby is weaned, goes to school, leaves childhood behind, goes to college, leaves adolescence behind, gets a job, gets married, sometimes separated or divorced, one of the two partners dies, there is the problem of loneliness, of old age and finally of death. We are constantly undergoing the strains and stresser of 'Leave-Taking' and facing its resultant problems. This is the book in which we have attempted to solve some of these problems."

Tapati Mookerji



"I see here by the papers they can prove love is blind."

"How so?"

"Well, they found a murdered man in lover's lane and by George, he'd been dead a whole week."

SCOOPY Nash, boy reporter, just didn't seem to be able to make the grade. None of his stories had any news interest.

"How many times do I have to tell you," the editor reminded him, "of the old formula: If a dog bites a man, that ain't news — but if a man bites a dog, that's news."

The next day Scoopy's paper carried the following headline: **FIRE PLUG BURSTS — DROWNS DOG.**

AUNT Hermoine made a surprise visit to her niece Flexie in her Greenwich Village studio-apartment and was shocked to discover that Flexie had been working as an artist's model. "Heavens girl," exclaimed Aunt Hermoine "you don't mean to tell me

that a nice girl like you poses for a strange man with no clothes on."

"But, Auntie," protested Flexie, "that's not true. He wears slacks, shoes, a shirt and everything."

CUSPID Dhor, proprietor of the Blood & Thunder Saloon, walked in one morning to



find a stranger writhing on the floor. "What's this?" he demanded of the bartender.

"I dunno, Chief," answered the barkeeper, "all I can say is this here critter just come in here and says, 'gimme whisky — I want it bad.' So I gave him the worst damn stuff in the house."

NERVOUS suitor: "If I give you three rupees, will you tell me what your sister says about me?"

Little brother: "Make it five and I'll tell you what dad's going to do to you."

INVITED to a fancy dress party, a hard-drinking man asked his wife, "Any ideas, dear?"

"Yes," she replied, "go sober. That'll fool them."

"I'm sorry I ever became your wife," she said bitterly.

"Oh," he flung back, "you were no young bird when I married you."

"No," she retorted, "but considering what I got I was an early bird."

"**WHAT'S** up? Did she turn you down?"

"She has."

"Tough luck, old man — but don't take it to heart too much. A woman's 'no' often means 'yes'."

"She didn't say 'no' — she said 'Nuts'."

REPORT from a country paper on a local romance: "... and the couple were married last Tuesday, thus ending a friendship which began in their schooldays."

A mother of eight children under eleven said, "This morning the children were so noisy that I threatened, 'The first person in this house who screams is going to get his mouth soaped.' And do you know — I can still taste the stuff."

USHA: "Why do you now bring me artificial flowers?"

Anand: "Because fresh flowers usually die while I'm waiting for you."

RUTH rode on my motorbike,

Directly back of me;
I hit a bump at sixty-five,
And rode on ruthlessly.

Compiled by George Fegradoe

SPREADS FOR BREADS!

Premila Lal

The term sandwich was first applied to slices of meat placed between two slices of bread. But now, it has a much wider meaning. When we talk about sandwiches we mean something really appetising both in appearance and flavour, meant to be savoured at parties, picnics, school lunches, workaday lunches or for busy days when you've just time for a sandwich to keep you going. We have open sandwiches, continental, club or two-decked, with a varied choice of fillings, mixed with various butters, sauces and seasonings. With a little skill, plenty of imagination, you can produce sandwiches which are appetising, wholesome and nutritious.



Photograph : Talyeb Badshah

EGG AND CHEESE SPREAD

6 egg yolks, hard boiled
Salt and pepper to taste
2 cubes cheese, grated
1 tsp. prepared mustard
2 tbsps. mayonnaise

Blend all the ingredients together using sufficient quantity of mayonnaise into a smooth paste of spreading consistency. Spread over bread and serve. If using cream cheese, add a little extra mustard.

FISH SPREAD

1 pomfret
2 tbsps. butter or margarine
Salt and pepper to taste
Parsley, chopped
Lettuce leaves
2 tbsps. mayonnaise (optional)

Clean and boil the pomfret. Flake the fish while still warm. Cool and blend with butter or margarine. Mix in the chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Mix well and serve on lettuce. A

small amount of mayonnaise may be mixed in with little of the grated cucumber or chopped gherkins

SANDWICH LOAF

1 sandwich loaf
Butter or margarine as required
A variety of savoury fillings such as tomato, egg or creamed fish
2 cups thick mayonnaise
2 cucumbers, thinly sliced
Salad leaves

Remove the top crust from the sandwich loaf. Cut the loaf lengthwise into one inch thick slices. Spread butter or margarine generously over each slice. Sandwich the slices with a variety of the given savoury filling. Put the slices together, secure with toothpicks if required and wrap up in a greaseproof paper. Leave aside in a cool place. Just before serving, coat the outside of the loaf with mayonnaise and garnish with sliced cucumber and salad leaves.

CHEESE AND CHICKEN

1 cup chicken, flaked
12 bread slices
4 tbsps. butter
1 cup cheese, grated
Salt and pepper to taste
1 cup milk or as required
2 tbsps. flour
Chilli powder to taste
2 tomatoes, thinly sliced
Parsley, chopped

Melt the butter and blend in the flour. Mix well and add the seasoning. Finally add the milk and cook on gentle flame till thick and smooth. Add cheese and cook further till the cheese melts. Mix in the flaked chicken. Lightly fry the bread slices in butter or margarine till golden brown. Drain on an absorbent paper. Arrange in a dish, top with chicken mixture. Garnish with tomato rings and chopped parsley.

BEANY CLUB SANDWICH

Bread slices as required, toasted
1 tin baked beans
1 bunch spring onions, chopped
1½ tbsps. Worcestershire sauce
100 grams bacon, cut into strips
Lettuce leaves
½ cup cheese, grated

Lightly mash the baked beans. Add the chopped onion and sauce. Mix well. Fry the bacon and keep aside. Arrange the lettuce and the fried bacon on one slice and cover with grated

cheese. Over this arrange another slice of bread and spread the bean mixture. Cover with the third slice of bread. Cut diagonally and garnish with the remaining chopped lettuce.

FRENCH FRIED HAM SANDWICH

8-12 slices bread, buttered
4-6 slices ham
1 cup cheese, grated or
4-6 slices of cheese
1 tsp. prepared mustard
2 eggs
½ cup milk
Salt and pepper to taste
Butter for frying

Make the usual sandwiches with bread, ham and cheese. Neatly trim off the hard crust. Leave aside. Now beat together the eggs, milk and salt and pepper. Dip the sandwiches in this and fry in hot butter till golden brown. Drain and cut diagonally. Serve at once. The leftover sandwiches from the picnic can be used up in this way.

BEEF AND CABBAGE SPREAD

8-12 bread slices, buttered
30 grams butter
250 grams minced beef
1 small cabbage, shredded
1 tbsp. French dressing
Salt to taste
2-3 tbsps. tomato ketchup

Melt the butter and saute the minced beef. Let it brown gently for fifteen minutes. Toss in the cabbage, dressing, salt and ketchup. Mix up well. Sandwich between two buttered slices. Serve with mustard, chutney or ketchup.

CHICKEN-HAM SANDWICH SPREAD

1/3 cup butter
½ cup chicken, finely chopped
½ cup ham, finely chopped
Salt and pepper to taste

Cream the butter. Mix in the chicken, ham, salt and pepper. Serve open on buttered bread rolls garnished with chopped parsley and cucumber rings.

OPEN CHEESE AND BACON SANDWICH

3 eggs
2 cups cheese, grated
Salt and pepper to taste
1½ tbsps. Worcestershire sauce
100 grams bacon
8-12 slices bread

Beat the eggs till light and frothy. Mix in the cheese, sauce, salt, pepper and chilli powder. Spread this mixture on bread slices. Cut the bacon into tiny pieces and spread over this mixture. Sprinkle with the remaining cheese. Bake for eight to ten minutes. Serve at once.

FRANKFURTER DELIGHT

1 packet frankfurters
3 eggs, hard boiled
2 tbsps. butter
2 tbsps. chilli sauce
1 cup mayonnaise
4-6 bread rolls

Chop the frankfurters. Saute in little butter. Spread over halved and buttered bread rolls. Spread the sauteed frankfurters. Top with hard-boiled egg slices, chilli sauce and mayonnaise.

EGG-CORN TOAST

½ cup corn kernels
3 tbsps. butter
1 tsp. flour
½ cup milk
1 spring onion, chopped
1 tomato
Salt and pepper to taste

Melt two tablespoon of butter and saute the chopped onion. Add the kernels and fry for five minutes. Stir in the milk and add the seasoning. Cook till the corns are tender and dry. In another dekchi, heat the remaining butter and saute the flour. Stir in the corn, chopped tomato and cheese. Cook till thick. Beat the eggs firmly. Add to the corn mixture and scramble the entire mixture over gentle flame. Serve hot over buttered toasts.

CHEESE AND EGG FRIED SANDWICHES

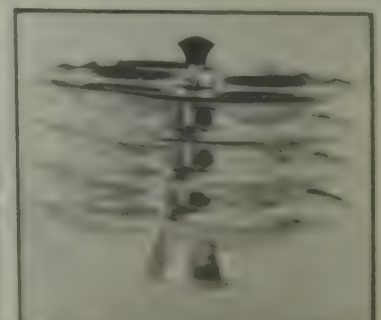
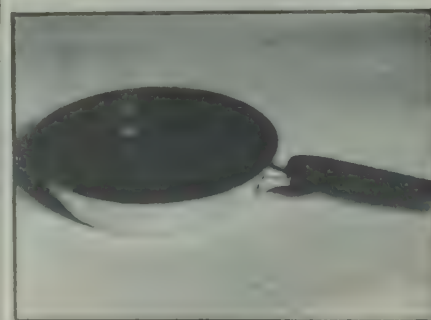
8 slices bread
4 slices cheese
Butter
4 eggs
1 large onion, finely chopped
Ghee
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
3 green chillis, finely chopped
Salt and pepper to taste

Butter the bread slices. Place a slice of cheese each inbetween two slices of bread. Press down these sandwiches and halve each diagonally. Break the eggs into a shallow plate and beat well. Mix the onion, coriander leaves and chillis, and season with salt and pepper. Add to the beaten eggs. Soak each sandwich in this mixture allowing a generous coating on all sides. Fry in hot ghee on both sides till golden brown. Makes four servings.

ANNOUNCING NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen for the month of January will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100:

1. A non-stick coated 230 mm Taper Fry Pan from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES,
- 2) A gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Elaichi Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Drinking Chocolate, Glucose-D, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) a four plate Meera Steam-Thru from MEERA METAL INDUSTRIES, Bombay.





300 grams mutton
2 potatoes
60 grams butter
1 cup milk
2 tbsps. flour
2 tbsps. ghee
5 eggs
½ kg oil or ghee
9 green chillis
1 small piece ginger
¼ bunch coriander
Salt and pepper to taste



Mrs. Prochee Konkrawalla, Bombay.

PRAWN BRINJAL DELIGHT

2 medium size brinjals
2 cups prawns, shelled
4 tomatoes, chopped
2½ tps. chilli powder
1½ tps. turmeric powder
1 tsp. garam masala
½ bunch coriander leaves
¾ green chillis
4 tbsps. refined oil
Salt to taste
A small ball jaggery

Cut the brinjal lengthwise into two inch pieces. Wash the prawns. Slit the chillis from centre lengthwise and chop the coriander. In a dish, mix all the above ingredients except tomatoes and garam masala.

Heat the oil and put in all the mixed ingredients. Stir for five minutes. Lower the heat and cook covered. Add the tomatoes. Put jaggery and garam masala. Allow to simmer for five more minutes taking care the mixture does not burn.

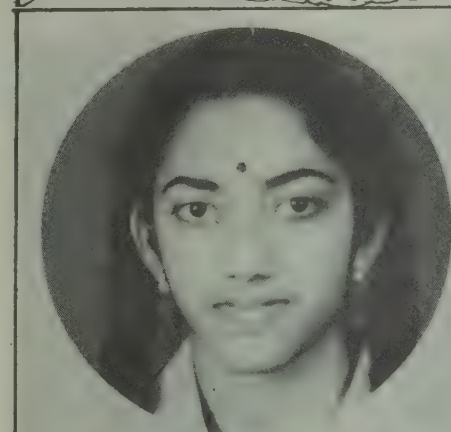


Mrs. Fatema Sahiwala, Bombay.

BREAD MUTTON ROLL

7 slices bread

Clean and wash the mutton. Grind the ginger, three green chillis and salt. Add to mutton with half cup of water and pressure cook for ten minutes. Shred the mutton and leave the stock aside. Heat the ghee and saute the flour for a second. Add salt, pepper, two chopped green chillis, half cup of milk and half cup of stock. Add the shredded mutton and cook till thick. Boil and peel the potatoes. Mix salt, pepper, four green chillis, half cup of milk, butter and coriander leaves. Remove the hard crust from the bread slices. Put one layer of potato mixture and one layer of mutton. Halve it and secure with a string or a toothpick. Dip into beaten egg and deep fry till brown



Miss Laxman wins Rs 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 4 plate Meera Steam-thru from Meera Metal Industries, Bombay.

SATURDAY NIGHT SUPPER

1 tin tuna in oil or macarels
2 cups raw rice

Mrs. M. Dadachanji, Bombay.

BEEF BALL CURRY

½ kg beef, minced
1 dtsp. onions, chopped
2 thin slices ginger, chopped
1 tsp. salt
1 dtsp. dry curry powder
4 tbsps. onions, sliced
3 cloves garlic, sliced
2 slices ginger, shredded
4 tbsps. cooking oil
½ cup thick coconut milk extract
1½ cups thin coconut milk
2 or 3 tomatoes (optional)
4 dtsp. curry powder paste
Curry leaves

Mix the minced beef, onions, curry powder and salt well. Roll into compact balls and place on a plate to be used later. Put oil in a pan. When hot, fry the gar-

SANJANA LAXMAN, Coimbatore.

2 cups milk
2½ cups water
4 large onions, sliced
½ cup ghee
6 green chillis, chopped
1 tbsps. coriander leaves
1 tbsps. mint leaves
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. garam masala
2 tomatoes, chopped
2 tbsps. thick curd
Salt to taste

Clean and cook the rice in milk and water with salt to taste in the pressure cooker. Drain oil into a pan from the tuna and mix ghee together. Saute onions in this and add all the ingredients except tuna and curd. Fry for five minutes. Now add curd and then the tuna. Mix well. Finally add the cooked rice. Mix, cover and cook for five minutes over low fire. Remove from the fire. Serve hot with tomato sauce or curd chutney.

lic till brown. Add the sliced onions and then ginger. When slightly brown add the curry paste and stir well, adding a little thin coconut milk, and salt to taste. When boiling, add the meat balls, one by one and the tomatoes. When meat balls are firm, add curry leaves, thick coconut milk and leave the curry to boil till the required consistency.

ANNOUNCEMENT Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Contest have to send in their recipes, non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subjects specified for each month. Out of seven best selected entries, one Monthly Queen and one Weekly Winner will be selected. The remaining five recipes will be published along with the winning recipes. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

March, 1981
SPINACH SPECIALITIES

April, 1981
VEGETABLE PUDDINGS

May, 1981
PICKLES

All entries for March should reach us latest by February 5, April entries by March 5 and May entries by April 5, 1981

COOKERY CONTEST RULES

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg Bombay-400 023.

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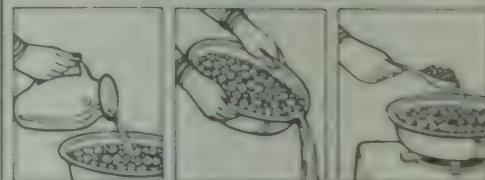
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MJD VL 21



Let's begin this year with "beauty full" resolutions. Let's resolve to stick to our diets, our exercises, our beauty routine. Are you worried that you will have no time for all this because you are a working woman? You don't have to worry. Through simple and time-saving hints you will learn the tricks.

If you think it is only your money or your time which helps to enhance your good looks, you are mistaken. Warmth and appeal also have to be cultivated. But at the same time, cosmetics, suitable hairstyles, good grooming and good clothes are not to be scorned, for they certainly add to your appearance. You may be plain-looking with a simple wardrobe, besides, you are working and cannot afford the hours nor the cash towards expensive paraphernalia. But you don't have to despair.

Good health comes first as this affects your general appearance and attitude. Lassitude and fatigue have a depressing effect but mental alertness and vitality attract. So make the most of yourself.

Cosmetics will not help if poor health is dragging you down. Adhere to the golden rule of good health and half your beauty battle is won. Food, fresh air, exercise, cleanliness and rest are of vital importance. Even as a working woman you can adhere to the resolution of ensuring a good balanced diet.

Fresh air is difficult to obtain especially if you live in a congested city. But if you are lucky to be near the sea or in an open area take advantage of this. Just a five-minute deep-breathing exercise in front of an open window, at home or in the office, will help you health-wise. Never underestimate the value of exercise. Even walking will help to tone up those lazy muscles which are generally used less. Sitting at a desk for the entire day tends to slacken the lower half of the body. While at work, you can do certain simple and quick exercises. The basic idea behind these is to fight off fatigue, conserve muscle tone and prevent body aches and pains.

Seated as you are, remove your shoes then stretch your legs in front of you on the floor.

Hold your toes apart for a while then relax. Repeat this a few times during the day.

Keep sitting. Place feet together on the floor just below you, apply pressure on your thighs and feet as if you are about to get up. Repeat as often as you can.

Simply rotating feet from the ankle, both clockwise and anti-clockwise, will also help. Do a few times regularly.

Keep sitting. Stretch one leg in front of you just a little above the floor. Point your toes away from you, then towards you. Repeat a few times then relax. Repeat with the other leg.

As a working girl you have little time to spare and you look forward to your evenings or weekends when you can do your own thing. The night before, you have the normal routine of brushing your hair; removing dirt or make-up with cleansing cream or milk; checking on your nails and nail polish; and the general appearance of your feet and hands; keeping your clothes

ready; keeping out your handbag, shoes, accessories and make-up.

Just to make sure that you are not stranded when you have a long day ahead of you followed by an evening out direct from work, as a working girl, you must keep a few necessary items in your desk drawer. Freshen up during lunch time. Either splash some cold water on your face or thoroughly cleanse with cleansing milk or cream and touch up make-up again. Wash hands with soap and water and massage some hand lotion or cream.

In the desk drawer you can keep a hand-towel (make sure this is changed regularly), some cottonwool, a small bottle of astringent, cleansing cream or milk, hand lotion or cream, soap, tooth-brush and a small tube of tooth-paste. Other extra things that are useful are a pair of nail scissors, safety pins, needle and thread, spare handkerchiefs or tissues, sanitary pads or tampons.

Keep a few items in your handbag as well. Get a small

toilet bag, one that is plastic lined, to hold your lipstick, a small perfume bottle, eyebrow pencil (if you use one), some tissues, a comb and a mirror.

Save your weekends for a real "overhauling"! Now is the time for your manicure and pedicure, shampoos and hair sets, your weekly routine of games and exercises be they swimming, badminton, tennis, or simply running on the sands or grass. Every month give yourself a home facial.

Have a simple hair-do. If it is long, tie at the back. Loose hair will not only fall on your face but also get wind-blown, entangled and will start splitting.

Don't try to read in a moving vehicle just because of shortage of time. The strain will start showing a few hours later. Besides you will ruin your eyesight and will have to resort to spectacles. If your job entails a lot of reading, "cup" your eyes with the palm of your hands from time to time. If your window faces a garden or a lawn look at the greenery to relax your eyes and your mind.

Cold compresses on your closed eyes for quick relief just after coming home from work and before going off to a party is an effective remedy. A daily intake of vitamin B will not only help towards general alertness but also keep your eyes bright.

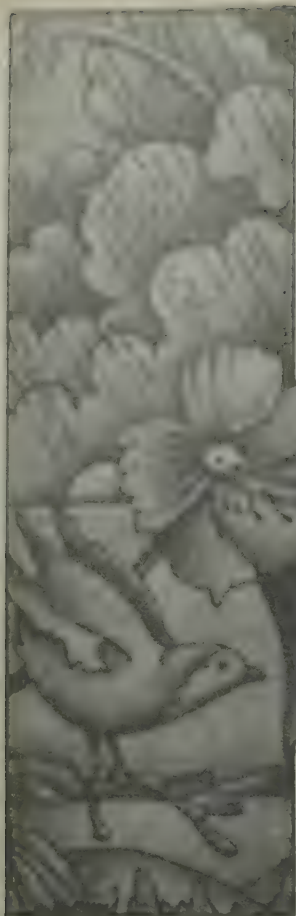
With a little determination, you can keep up your beauty routine and the results will be rewarding.

L. U.

**AS A WORKING GIRL,
YOU HAVE LITTLE TIME TO SPARE FOR
YOUR BEAUTY CHORES. BUT THESE
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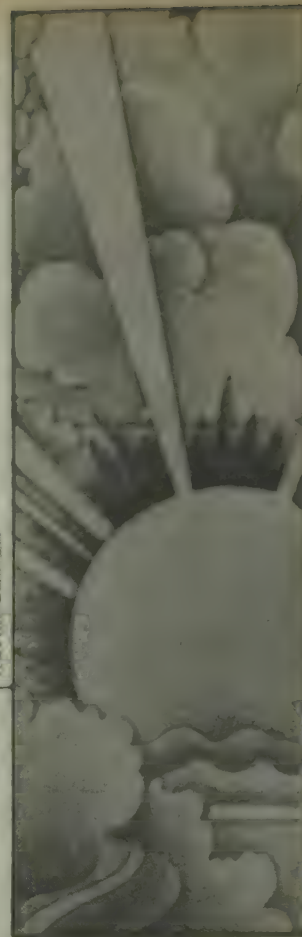
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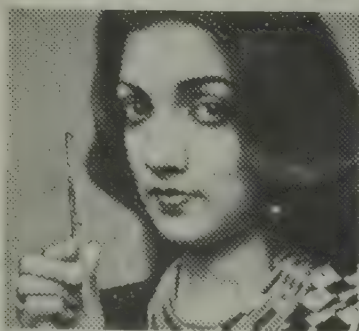
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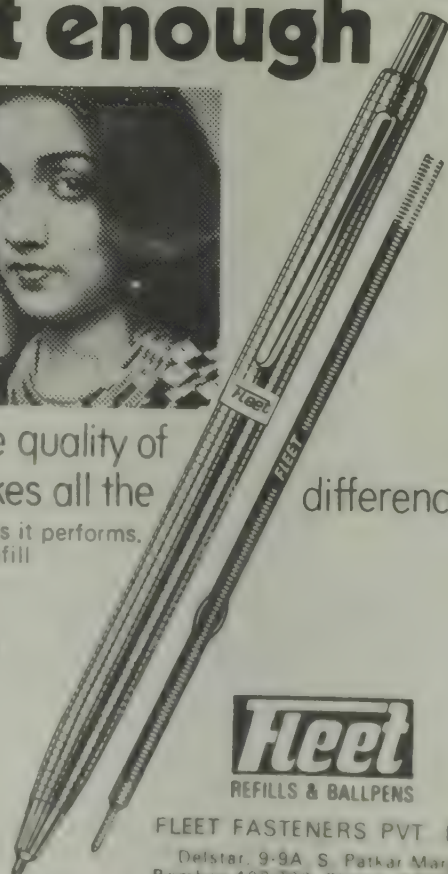
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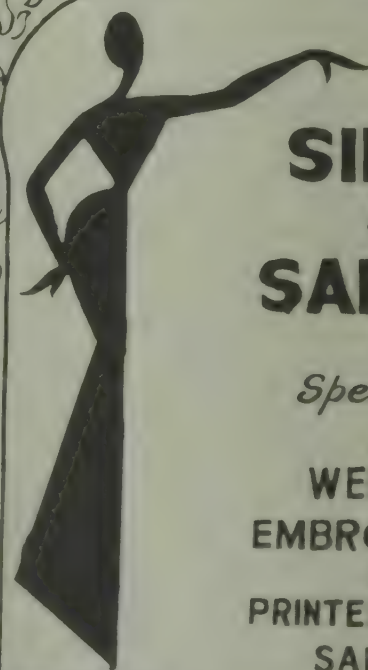
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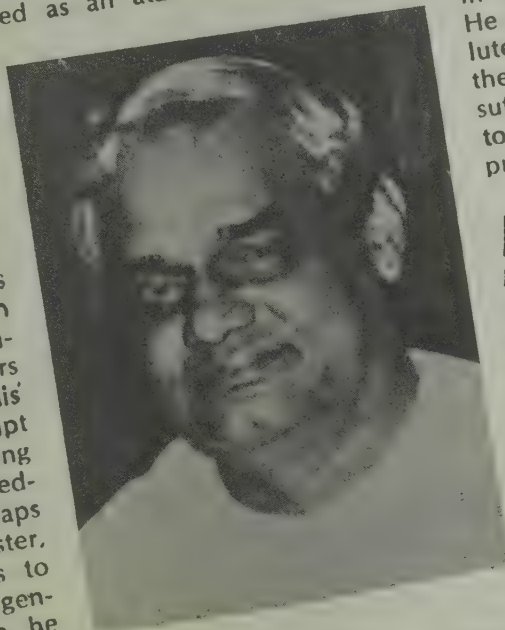
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PEARL MANSION, 91-A, QUEENS RD., BOMBAY-20.

AIN brought back its exiled king as ruler when dictator Franco died, but when Salazar was finally rid of its dictator, it decided to go back to some people. However, Portugal's Social experiment is not working too well and the country is well returned to the monarchy had discarded 70 years ago. And if that happens, a quiet, 33-year-old bachelor is waiting in the wings to take over. He is Don Duarte Pio, who lives an unpretentious life, riding commuter trains with commoners into Lisbon, or roaming with his faithful dog through the unkempt brush behind his unassuming palace. It is an austere, 13-bedroom house, as austere perhaps as its humourless, serious master, who rarely laughs, and likes to keep his distance. He is a gentleman of leisure, because he earns his living from renting property he inherited from his father. Of course, if he becomes king, it would only be as a constitutional monarch, where Don Duarte will function as a kind of father figure to defend the "permanent values" of culture, environment and the protection of minority rights. But as for his own opinion on the matter, Don Duarte says, "The Portuguese monarchists already consider me their king, but I believe it must be a decision made by Parliament. Personally, I would not like to be a king."

WITH India's Opposition fragmented in every way, the only party to emerge out of the chaos as a cohesive unit seems to be the Bharatiya Janata Party. At its first ever all-India meet in Samata Nagar, Bombay, arrangements had been made for 22,000 delegates, but this soon swelled into a massive

50,000 people from all walks of life, and from all over India, who came to display the party's political muscle. The hero of the hour was undoubtedly Atal Behari Vajpayee, the president of the BJP. He has tried to play down the RSS factor, and give the party a broad, secular outlook. He has also tried to project the party as having all-India roots, with not just traders hut also rural people participating in the meet. Vajpayee was projected as an atal (meaning unyield-

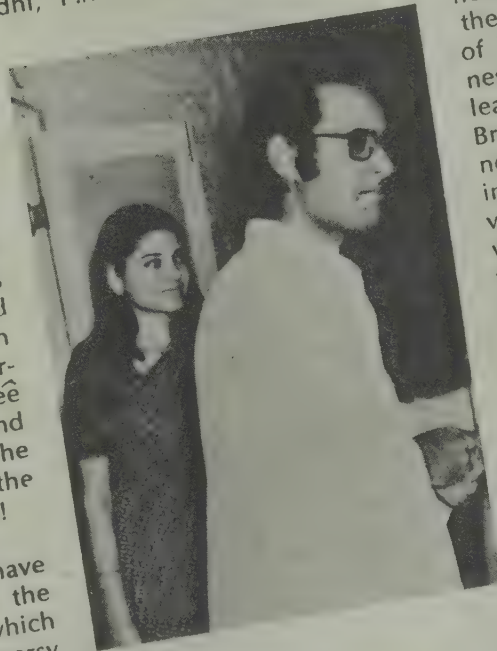


ing) but magnanimous person and, as if to ridicule Maharashtra Chief Minister Antulay's efforts to bring back the Bhavani sword, Vajpayee announced among cheers that the real Bhavani lay "in the hearts of the people of Bombay." A ferocious looking Rajput then presented Vajpayee with a sword encased in a glittering scabbard. Like a warrior of many battles, Vajpayee dramatically drew the sword and swished it in the air, as if he were cutting the neck of the bogey of Congress (I) forever!

EUTHANASIA does not have support only from Exit, the well-known British group, which was embroiled in a controversy

recently, when it published a do-it-yourself manual on how to commit suicide. It had a staunch votary in Gopal Shivram Mandlik, an octogenarian in Pune, who was found dead recently after consuming poison. A retired mechanical engineer of the Western Railway, Mr. Mandlik had announced at a press conference earlier this year of his determination to discard his body if Parliament failed to pass the bill in support of voluntary death. He felt that this law was absolutely necessary to save the old, the infirm and the senile from suffering in this world. And true to his word, he followed his principles to the letter.

MANEKA Gandhi may have been sent into oblivion by Mrs. G. after Sanjay's death, but as far as the Indian (or Delhi) postal authorities are concerned, she stills counts. Mr. P. N. Sinha, a former M.P. proved this to the "Indian Express" in Delhi, when he sent the daily a letter without a stamp, by marking in red ink on the side, the sender's name as Maneka Gandhi, P.M.'s House, New Delhi.



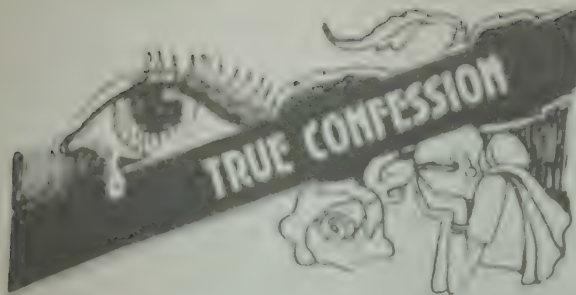
A postal mark certified that the letter had been posted on December 12, but no stamp was in evidence. Mr. Sinha told the daily that he got the idea when he received an inland letter (in which enclosures are not allowed) some time ago with a similar inscription outside. A printed form bearing a slogan in favour of Maneka Gandhi was stitched to the inner folds. The inland letter, he says, "was not stamped nor was it made a bearing letter requiring the addressee to pay." To further his experiment about the Delhi postal authorities' magnanimity, Mr. Sinha has asked some of his Delhi friends to post similar letters to others without postage and send him the results. All you Delhi-ites out there, do you want to join in the fun and games?

A 43-year-old biochemist and nutritionist, Dr. Anthony Harris, has come out with certain statements that should gladden the hearts of all the bra-burning women's liberationists. His verdict after many moons of experimenting with more than 600 women: bras are not only unnecessary but also a danger to health. A stiff brassiere can make the muscles go soft because of lack of exercise, and the tightness reduces blood flow, thus leading to many complications. Breast support, he says, are only needed for peasant women doing heavy work. To support his views, he cites other civilizations which had luscious women — the Greeks, Romans and even Europeans until the last century — who never wore bras. And as Dr. Harris points out: "Girls are put into bras like horses into bridles. It's so silly. It costs money and does the breasts no good."

A YOUNG Delhi girl's efforts to convert two Saudi Arabians in a novel manner almost landed her in jail. A member of two international pen friends clubs, she wrote heart rending letters to two Saudi Arabian businessmen, Mr. Ahmed and Mr. Z. A. B. Bangash, that after her father died, she had been unable to get a job as Indians were sex starved... "The Indian people want to give me sex instead of a job," she wrote. She also put on paper several unprintable and vulgar observations about Indians in

a deliberate attempt to malign the image of this country. She then asked for money, which was sent to her by the unsuspecting Saudi Arabians. This could have gone on, but Mr. Ahmed came to India on business recently and found out the truth. He promptly reported the matter to the Delhi police, who are investigating the whole affair.

PEOPLE KNOWN & UNKNOWN



THEY say my husband went mad because I was unfaithful to him. It is not true. Those who brand me thus are narrow-minded, bigoted creatures who do not understand the conflict in a woman's mind, her silent suffering and her superhuman endurance. The fact that I belonged to another religion, was brought up to take a lenient liberal outlook on matters like dating and moving in mixed company, is all somehow construed as proof of my frivolity, which further plummeted him into a mental abyss. In actuality, the truth is far, far different. I tried honestly and sincerely to make our marriage work, but fate took things out of my hands.

I first met Arun at a railway station. I was a giggling carefree working girl, commuting to office and back daily, adept at fighting my way into the crowded ladies' compartment of suburban locals. I had not married because I was the sole means of support for my aged mother who kept a warm meal for me at the end of each weary day. I had few worries because I earned a good pay packet every month and it was more than enough for the two of us.

One evening around six o'clock, I was plummeted on to the railway platform in the sea of humanity pouring forth from the train at Santa Cruz. Arun was similarly disgorged from an adjacent carriage. I salvaged my purse and my good humour, but found that the purse had been neatly cut open. It was only an empty shell. I got a shock because my entire pay had been in it. I stared at the dangling leather pieces with tears in my eyes, my confidence completely shaken. A man in the melee looked sympathetically at me. "Can I help you, lady?" he asked. I looked at him. An aquiline nose, curly black hair, grey eyes.

I moved to a bench and sat down.

"If you need some money..." he pulled out a few notes.

"No, thank you. I can manage," I said.

My voice sounded curt. I was used to dissuading the advances of men. With my short permed hair, tight skirt and pencilled eyebrows, I often managed to convey an altogether wrong impression about myself. Often men accosted me in the streets with suggestions, and I snubbed them quickly. Little did they know that I was clad like that for the sake of convenience. I found a saree somehow difficult to manage in the rush and skirts took a minimum of cloth and could be easily laundered and dried, especially the wash and wear material.

"Please," he insisted. "Your mother won't mind."

I stared at him. "You know my mother?" I asked.

"I have seen her," he replied. "You stay in Duttavilla don't you?"

"That's right." With this I got up.

He fell into step beside me with companionable ease.

"The house, I hear, is up for sale?"

"Yes, negotiations are going on with a contractor."

"They'll give you a flat in the new complex," he said. His grey eyes surveyed me as I glanced at him. There was mild envy in them.

"Your mother and you," he persisted, "wouldn't care to take in a paying guest, would you? I've come away from my parents in Nagpur on account of my job and I'm finding it impossible to get a place to stay."

"I'll have to think about it. Anyway ask my mother," I said.

"You can have the amount at once," he cried. "It will tide over your recent loss." I was immediately on guard. How had he known the pay was in my purse?

He sensed my misgivings and said candidly, "It was pay day today. I'm employed in the same office."

"But I've never seen you!" I said.

"Joined only two days ago. On probation. I'm on the floor below yours."

He moved in the next week. Our spare room was adequately patched up for his occupation. Mother said she felt safer with a man in the house. I felt more endangered.

The whole office was talking about us. At lunch in the office canteen one day, he said, "Helen, I think we ought to squash all these rumours."

"How?" I asked. He had been staying with us for six months.

"Let's get married," he said.

I stared at him. "I mean it," he said ardently. "I love you."

they say MY INFIDELITY DROVE MY HUSBAND MAD

"But you are a Brahmin!"

"My parents are pretty liberal that way."

They weren't. They took the strongest objection. Apparently his sister wasn't married yet and they were worried that Arun's marriage to an Anglo-Indian would scare marriage prospects away from the girl. I suggested we wait till she was married. But Arun was stubborn.

In the months that followed he tried to win them back. He wrote letters which were never answered. He sent money-orders that were returned. I watched the struggle wordlessly. One day, after a few months of this, I said, "Arun, you should never have married me."

"Don't!" he cried, turning on me like a savage beast. "If you too say that, I will crack up." His behaviour alarmed me. He

was trembling like a leaf and was bathed in sweat. I touched his forehead. "Lie down Arun," I advised. "Maybe you're coming down with fever." It wasn't fever, it was something else which I couldn't guess then.

The next year two things happened. Our house was pulled down to raise a colossal multi-storied structure, and Arun lost his job. I consoled him the best way I could. I told him to have courage. There were sure to be plenty of jobs available for an educated young man like him. Under my care he perked up. He said he would go job hunting with abandon. He would show them he was made of stern stuff.

He sat and, wrote scores of applications every week. He got a few interview calls but someone with influence always beat him to it. He began to grow depressed and gloomy.



that's wrong with you. For the past few weeks now you have tried your best to find fault with me for every little thing. I can't seem to do a damn thing right."

"You have seen it too," he said. "You do nothing right. When you walk on the road with those short mincing steps, attired in those skin tight clothes, men want to peel your clothes off..."

"Arun!" was all I could say, as shocked was I.

Mother had woken up at the sound of our raised voice and she asked me what was wrong.

"Nothing," I said. "Arun is upset because Roy and I are childhood friends."

She said, "Helen, it is strange. Arun was never like this. Maybe somebody is out to destroy him. Such a thing is possible. There are black arts you would not dream about. His own people may be practising witchcraft to win him back."

He came out into the living room then, and his face was ugly with hate. "I'll kill you for saying that," he cried. "How dare you say a word about my parents, you old hag." With one stride he was by her side with his hands round her throat. I screamed at him to release her, but he wouldn't comply. I bit him wildly on the arm. He let go his grip and lunged at me, but I dodged him. He sat down on the floor with his head in his hands, suddenly beaten. He looked at me. "I'm sor-

The narrow-minded, bigoted people who say these awful things do not understand the conflict in a woman's mind, her silent suffering and superhuman endurance

I said, "You don't have to worry, Arun. As long as I have a job, we will manage."

He turned on me red-eyed. "What sort of man do you think I am? A parasite?" he snapped.

"You don't have to feel you are a burden," I said. I touched him gently.

"Leave me alone for God's sake," he cried, throwing off my hand. "You think you're superior to me, don't you?"

It was the first inkling I had that his mind was affected. He had never spoken to me like that before.

Mother fell sick and we called the doctor in. He was a personable young man called Roy, who had known us since the time he wore shorts.

One day, soon after he had left, having given mother an injection Arun said to me with a nasty scowl. "I didn't like the way you behaved."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Smiling with extra familiarity, strutting about seductively in that tight skirt of yours, laughing shamelessly."

"You are jealous," I cried. "That's all

ry," he said. "I'm sorry. I lost my head." I attended to mother, made her comfortable. "He has gone mad," she whispered to me. "You should get him admitted to a lunatic asylum."

His hearing was razor-sharp. He heard her words and came out again from the bedroom where he had sought refuge from his hysteria. I was terrified. Before he could attack her again. I picked up the iron I had kept to heat and branded him on the arm with it. He howled with pain and withdrew from me, a whimpering, frightened creature. Suddenly I was sorry for him. Maybe he had not intended to harm her. I stretched out my arms, but he backed away trembling. Poor dear, he was in need of psychiatric help and I had been too blind to see it.

He ran into the corridor and pressed the elevator button. I was too late to stop him. It shot down. I took the stairs and followed him down. But I was too slow. He was nowhere in sight.

That night he didn't return. I called Roy from a phone booth downstairs. "Is mother worse?" he asked.

"No, Roy. It...it's Arun. He's left the house."

"He's a grown man. What are you worried about? He'll come back. Had a fight, did you?"

"No, Roy. He's mentally unbalanced. He tried to kill mother...He..." I burst into tears.

He came at once. Over hot coffee laced with brandy, I haltingly told him the story of my life and marriage.

"Maybe he has gone back to his parents," he said.

"No," I said. "He had completely cut himself off from them. Besides, he had no money on him. Just the clothes he wore."

"Wait and see," he counselled. "There's nothing we can do."

I went to work like an automaton, not letting anyone know my troubles. Only Roy knew and he was a bulwark of strength in those terrible days. When I put in insertions in the newspapers asking Arun to come back, when I haunted the police station for news of him, when I cried till I had no fears left.

"You loved him very much, didn't you?" Roy asked.

"Yes." He put his arm over mine. "Sometimes, Helen," he said. "You just have to let go."

"No," I said. "No. I have to find him. The poor dear is wandering. God knows where, in his twilight state."

"You have a heart of gold, Helen which is perhaps why I love you so much." I stared at him. It was the first time he had let me know how he felt about me.

One night, about two weeks later, there was a knock on our door. It was almost midnight. I opened the door full of fear. A constable stood outside, supporting Arun by the arm.

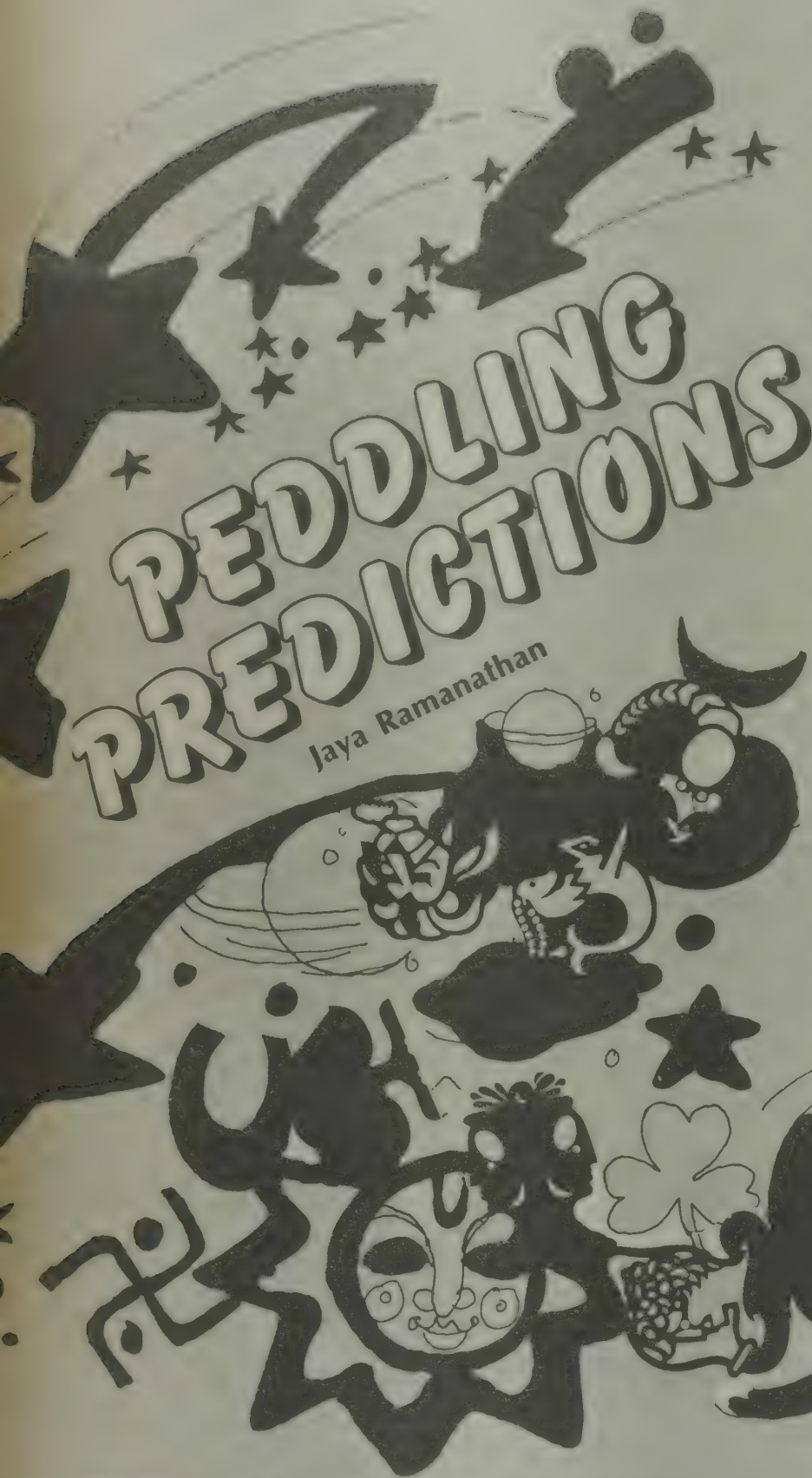
"We found him begging on the streets at Mahalaxmi," he said. "He seemed drunk, but there was no trace of liquor on his breath. He spoke in English and mumbled this address, so we brought him here."

"He's my husband!" I cried. "He has not been well for sometime. Thank you very much."

I gave the policeman some money and sent him away. Then I led Arun inside and washed him. I changed him into clean clothes. He let himself be led like a child. I kissed his pathetic face and said. "I'm sorry darling. I'm sorry at the way I treated you. I should have seen the signs. But now you are back and everything will be right."

It didn't happen that way. Roy suggested shock treatment and referred us to a noted psychiatrist. Arun had to be hospitalised for months during which time Roy was a frequent visitor. Mother died and in my personal affliction, he was the only one on whom I could lean. Arun was lost to me on account of his mental illness.

Now I see quite a lot of Roy. On my pay alone. I cannot afford Arun's medical bills. Roy helps out and I am eternally grateful to him. We are seen together so often that people have begun to put a wrong interpretation on events. They say my extra-marital affair with Roy has driven Arun round the bend.



"Astrology is such a wide-bodied area of knowledge that it would not be an overstatement to call it 'the mother of all sciences,'" staunchly contended Dr. B. V. Raman, one of India's ace astrologers and editor of the periodical "The Astrological Magazine", in an article in "The Illustrated Weekly of India."

At the other extreme of opinion we have the members of the Bombay Rationalist Association asserting, "Thanks to the great progress made in the field of astronomy, there is today a

great deal of knowledge and understanding about the solar system, the planets and the stars. From this it is quite clear that the movements of the planets can have no influence on the day-to-day lives of human beings and their activities. It is obvious that the very foundation of astrology, namely the connection between the movements of the planets and the destinies of human beings is so shaky as to be non-existent. There is never any consistency between the forecasts of any two astrologers. Not a single as-

trologer has dared publish statistics on the correctness or otherwise of his predictions. This proves the total unreliability of astrology."

Between these two opposite views is the definition and explanation of astrology accorded by the Encyclopaedia Britannica: "Defined as either a science or a pseudoscience, astrology — the forecasting of earthly and human events by means of observing and interpreting the fixed stars, the sun, the moon, and the planets — has exerted a sometimes extensive and a sometimes peripheral influence in many civilizations, both ancient and modern. As a science, astrology has been utilised to predict or affect the destinies of individuals, groups, or nations by means of what is believed to be a correct understanding of the influence of the planets and stars on earthly affairs. As a pseudoscience, astrology is considered to be diametrically opposed to the findings and theories of modern Western science."

Astrology is an attempt at predicting mundane events on the assumption that the celestial bodies, i.e. planets and stars, considered in their combinations and positions in some significant way either affect or determine the course of events and the destiny of every human being in the sublunar world.

"Over thousands of years, the ancient sages have deduced a connection between the motions of the planets and relative posi-

tions of stars with every kind of terrestrial activity. Their ability to predict future trends — even actual events — has been repeatedly demonstrated," emphatically holds Dr. Raman.

"Astrology presumes to study the stars and the planetary system in general; as a subject it is most unscientific. Astronomy is the real study of the cosmos," retorts Justice R. A. Jahagirdar, a most prominent member of the

Rationalist Association. "There are several planets and stars, some of them as far as 360,000 light years away from the earth and even the sun — that these planets and stars from that distance in any way affect or shape the destinies of 400 crores of people on earth is both inconceivable and illogical."

Let us examine the role of the astrologer. His primary requirement is the exact birth, time, date and place. He then casts a horoscope by first determining for the given moment and locality the boundaries of the 12 places and the longitudes and latitudes of the seven planets. He reads this horoscope by examining the intricate geometric interrelationships of the signs and their parts and of varying computed strengths with the places and with each other and by associating with each element in the horoscope its list of correspondences in the sublunar region. Any horoscopic diagram, of course, will yield an enormous number of predictions, including many that are contradictory or extravagant. The astrologer thus must rely on his knowledge of his client's social, ethnic, and economic background and on his own experience and good sense to guide him in avoiding error and attaining credibility.

This is where the pseudo-astrologers, palmists and all other practitioners of "future forecast" exploit and cash in on the gullibility of many a lay individual. This has led critics of astrology to categorise all soothsayers (including sincere, and erudite professionals) as charlatans who peddle predictions, often to the detriment of an individual's progress and capacity to think and act independently.

While admitting the existence of charlatans, Dr. Raman at the same time defends the authentic practitioners of astrology.

"Among the professional astrologers in India there are, no doubt, experts well-versed in the subject and who know how to guide those who consult them with correct advice. But

there are also a large number of exploiters who, calling themselves astrologers, exploit the credulous people. Refinements of astrological calculations and interpretations are beyond the meagre powers of these 'seers'."

In their bid to prevent the lay public from access to any kind of astrology the Bombay Rationalists' Association sent letters to editors of journals and periodicals urging them to forthwith cease their "What the Stars Foretell" columns.

"Newspapers are powerful weapons and must be used for building a new and rational social order in our country. This cannot be done by people steeped in blind faith and superstition. We, therefore, request you to stop publishing astrological forecasts in your paper and help promote a scientific attitude among the people as is enshrined in the Constitution of India."

With regard to this popular column carried by almost all newspapers, weeklies and other magazines, Dr. Raman tends to be as sceptical as the rationalists. He too considers these to be a fraud.

"The blind prejudice against astrology demonstrated by many critics claiming to be rationalists actually stems from two sources, both involving ignorance — viz. want of correct definition of astrology which, according to them, is just fortune-telling, and confusion of astrology with what appears in The Stars Foretell columns of newspapers. Such action is equivalent to passing judgement on the validity of psychology on the basis of newspaper columns offering advice to the love lorn."

The rationalists attempt to persuade editors to stop this column by arguing:

"It is highly doubtful if anyone purchases your paper only for the purpose of reading about his or her future. On the other hand, publication of such a useless, unscientific and deceptive forecast column consumes a lot of valuable space in your paper which can be utilized for better purposes. If you delete the item of astrological forecasts it is not likely to affect the circulation or readership of your paper."

Shobha Kilachand, Editor, "Society", whose magazine does not carry the forecast column, says:

"In my opinion, it is the biggest fraud inflicted on the reader.

"It is an insult to his intellect. The column is nothing but a convenient space filler and I would rather give my readers

something more stimulating and deserving."

However, an observation made by Mr. Kuldeep Nayyar, the well-known political columnist, and ex-Editor of "Indian Express" contradicts the views mentioned above. During his tenure, when he invited the views of his readers on what they enjoyed most in "The Sunday Standard", 90 percent of them said, "Your Fortune For The Week" column.

What have the editors themselves to say in defence of their column? Do they themselves believe in astrology or do they merely pander to the superstitious beliefs of the public? Is it a selling gimmick or an attempt at entertainment?

"I am convinced the column is genuinely popular with my readers" asserted Mrs. Gulshan

Stars" column in "Sunday Mid-Day" in which veteran astrologer Bejan Daruwalla had cautioned all Virgos to guard against accidents!

Mr. Karanjia was one of the first editors to introduce the "Stars Foretell" column while with the "Sunday Standard" in 1935. "People express contempt for the fortunes told in the weeklies but read and enjoy it all the same," he laughed.

Then he argued, "There is something beyond all scientific reasoning; after all, science has its limitations; what cannot be clinically proved to exist, does not deserve to be scoffed at either. Like God, cosmic energy too transcends the parameters of reason. It is the so called rationalists like Kovoor who foster disbelief and scepticism for their

they are guided and even ruled by their horoscopes is notorious and has often reached laughable, pathetic proportions. Janardan Thakur in his "Sunday Mid-Day" page wrote, "So amused was Earl Mountbatten by the dependence of Indian politicians on astrologers and star-gazers that he once designated his secretary, Allen-Campbell Johnson as the 'Viceregal Astrologer'.

"It was of course all in jest, but everybody in the Viceregal Lodge enjoyed the joke hugely. Nearly 33 years later, the Lodge, now called the Rashtrapati Bhawan, has acquired a real astrologer on its staff, though he is not designated as such."

The future foretelling column is not bereft of its humorous aspects and there are readers who

HOW AUTHENTIC ARE THE FORECAST COLUMNS WHICH APPEAR IN LEADING JOURNALS WITH UNFAILING REGULARITY? DO THE MOVEMENTS OF THE PLANETS HAVE ANY INFLUENCE ON THE DAY-TO-DAY LIVES OF HUMAN BEINGS? ASTROLOGERS, CRITICS AND EDITORS SHARE THEIR VIEWS

Ewing, Editor, Eve's Weekly. "Personally I believe astrology to be an exact science, the weekly forecasts however, with each paragraph roughly forecasting for one twelfth of the population, obviously cannot be accurate. At the same time I know that my readers who are a sophisticated lot, do enjoy reading their fortune for the week, but will not take it too seriously. Moreover, it is quite fashionable to be aware and discuss individual signs of the zodiac and consequent vibes and so on." The Editor feels these columns are quite innocuous and there can be no detrimental effect to human progress and thinking capacity in the mere perusal of the column. "Only when people become too dependent on horoscopes and begin to use astrology as a crutch does the entire process become harmful and tends to retard personality development," she said.

Mrs. Ewing's views are shared by Mr. R. K. Karanjia, Editor, "Blitz", who has no doubt that his readers love the "Stars Foretell" column. It is not to be taken seriously, he maintains, but as a pastime there is no denying its popularity. But he himself had a remarkable experience of how the column could well foretell correctly sometimes.

On a particular Sunday, Mr. Karanjia sustained a nasty accident in his house; his face received a deep cut which required stitches. Someone later pointed out to him the "You and Your

own gains, and in my opinion they are as fraudulent as the pseudo-godmen and unethical astrologers whom they purport to expose."

Once when "Blitz" discontinued the column for few weeks, there was reportedly a big furore, with the readers demanding its immediate reappearance. However, another city magazine that used to carry a full page of astrology (at the request of the concerned editor, both his name and the name of the magazine are being withheld) sometime back, had to drop the page as the astrologer had other commitments. The editor asserts that but for a few stray inquiries asking for an explanation, there was complete apathy on the part of the readers about the omission of the page.

"Newtonian physics," says the Encyclopaedia, "eradicated a belief in astrology among the educated. The practice of the now pseudo-science continued among non-intellectuals in the West, gradually losing contact with its rich tradition and becoming more and more fraudulent, though in countries like India, where only a small intellectual elite has been trained in Western physics, it manages to retain here and there its position among the sciences. Regardless of its validity, some Indian universities offer advanced degrees in astrology."

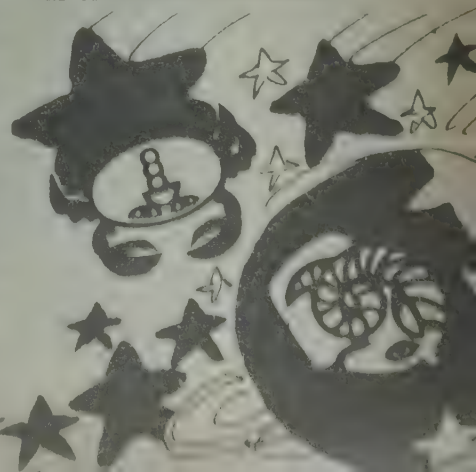
Our politicians' belief in astrology and the manner in which

accept the forecasts with their tongues in their cheeks — perhaps the sanest attitude towards what is essentially an attempt at entertainment.

"All Cancerians who are having extra-marital affairs, should be extra careful this week," once cautioned a forecast column.

"Why should Cancerians alone be careful?" asked an amused reader, "And why just this week? And should not everyone who is indulging in adulterous relationships always be careful — irrespective of his or her Zodiac sign?"

But controversy will rage on, the rationalists at one end and the professional astrologers at the other — each one resolved to prove the other wrong, while the gullible oscillate between their belief inculcated from childhood and scepticism created by education. Is astrology really a credible science or is it a bogus panacea for the disturbed mind? This is something each one of us has to decide for ourself.



THE MYSTERY AT GUL MOHAR

Continued from Page 16

Possibly, she could get some information out of him! How she would go about it she would decide when the chance presented itself.

Satisfied, she now fell into a troubled sleep in which she dreamed Aunt Sheela was chasing her with a huge knife. And Jagoo was throwing stones at her. Her dreams were so realistic that she awoke with a start.

She glanced at the time-piece. It was almost 7.30. Breakfast would have been over. Uncle Sunil must have left for the shop. Aunt Sheela would be angry with her for being so late.

Rita peeped into the sitting room to find Aunt Sheela reading the morning paper seated on the sofa.

"Good morning, Aunty! I'm sorry I'm late!" Rita apologised in a small voice.

But to her surprise, Aunt Sheela was not annoyed. In fact, she smiled.

"I'm glad you slept late, dear," she said. "The boys wanted to wake you, but I thought you would be tired after yesterday, so I would not let them. Now, run along and tell Lakshman to give you breakfast!"

She returned to her reading, while Rita went in search of Lakshman.

Lakshman was in the kitchen, cutting the vegetables for the day's curry.

"An egg, please, and four slices of toast," Rita told him.

She sat down at the table, but suddenly remembering the note under her pillow, she hurried to fetch it. She certainly did not want one of the boys to come across it.

Bapi was in the room. He was rummaging among his books and toys.

"We're drawing. Out in the garden," he informed her. "Won't you come and draw an elephant for me, Rita?" he asked.

"I will. After I've finished my breakfast," she promised.

Rita lifted her pillow. On the pretence of searching for her handkerchief, quietly she slipped the note into her pocket. Next, she went over to the window as she heard someone cough.

It was Jagoo. He was busy in Aunt Sheela's private garden, pruning some bushes.

Here was a chance to tackle him, she thought. She raised her voice and addressed Bapi.

"Bapi, your Mummy has been looking for one of Didima's dolls. She does not know where it is. But I think I know where it is."

Bapi did not seem very interested. "Which doll, Rita?" he asked flatly.

She did not tell him. She did not know, of course. But she was watching Jagoo. Jagoo had looked startled at the mention of the word doll. Now he looked in her direction and smiled.

"How is Didimoni this morning?" he asked politely.

"Quite well. I slept late," answered Rita.

"It is good to sleep late when one is on holiday," said Jagoo. "Sometimes I wish I could sleep late. But I always have work to do in the garden in the mornings."

"Breakfast is ready, Didimoni!"

Rita looked round to find Lakshman standing in the doorway, a funny sort of look on his face. As if he wanted to say something, but could not because Bapi was present.

"Breakfast is ready, Didimoni," Lakshman repeated, and Rita followed him to the dining table.

She was puzzled right through eating her egg and toast. The more she thought, she was cer-

tain that Lakshman had wanted to tell her something.

On the excuse of asking for another slice of toast, therefore, Rita went into the kitchen again. Lakshman was still busy with the vegetables. He smiled as he took her order. She stood by watching, as he made the toast. She was waiting for him to speak, but was disappointed when he did not.

Then, as she turned to leave, he said to her, "Didimoni, be careful!"

Careful of what? Careful of whom? she wanted to ask. But she heard Aunt Sheela's voice, and walked away quickly.

As she drank her tea, Rita wondered what Lakshman had meant. Was he referring to her conversation with Jagoo? Meaning, she should not trust him?

Oh, how she wished she could have had a few more moments with Lakshman so that he could explain.

In vain did she search for a chance that day. To her bad luck, each time she entered the kitchen, either someone was already there or someone came in as she was about to speak to Lakshman. It was so disappointing.

However, a chance came after dinner that night. It happened while the family was gathered

in the sitting room. Uncle Sunil was reading, Aunt Sheela was knitting and the boys were playing ludo.

Rita was trying to concentrate on some sewing, when she heard her uncle ask, "Why doesn't that servant bring my coffee?"

She was on her feet at once. "I'll tell him," she said and raced to the kitchen.

Lakshman was drying plates. "Uncle's coffee," Rita reminded him.

She was about to follow up with a question, when he placed a finger to his lips. Drawing a folded piece of paper from his pocket, he handed it to her.

"Read it later," he whispered. "Give me your answer tomorrow."

The paper tucked safely away, Rita could hardly contain her excitement as she returned to her seat. It was difficult to get back to the sewing. If only bedtime would come!

And when it did she was the first into the bathroom to undress. The door shut and bolted behind her, Rita hurried to examine the note.

It was written in Hindi. It said:

"BOORIE MUST SEE YOU SOON."

To be Continued

WHY ARE THE HEROINES PAID LESS?

Continued from Page 21

Tarazu'. In spite of all this the trade figures maintain that though a little more popular with the distributors now, Zeenat's price has not really shot up despite her row of successes. Once again it was B.R. Chopra who bagged all the credit for the success of 'Insaf Ka Tarazu'.

Hence even though the actresses are commercially successful the industry is not very receptive and is very slow in acknowledging their asset. A commercially successful star like Jeetu whose acting potential is highly doubtful earns a sum that's second only to Amitabh, while Raakhee—who (it is agreed unanimously) is a more talented and saleable artiste—is on an even lower financial scale than Rekha. It is rumoured that this year Jeetu increased his price to an astronomical figure after the success of 'Aasha', when the theme of the film ironically enough, was woman dominated. If at all anyone deserved credit, it should have been Reena Roy.



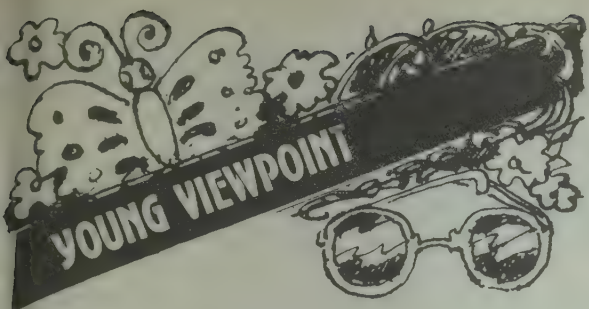
The hit pair—Dharmendra and Hema Malini

The distributors' defence of this peculiar situation is that a film never sells solely on the strength of the female star whereas an Amitabh or a Jeetu starrer has its own market value.

There seems to be no logic in this attitude. One can agree that Amitabh is a super star with a terrific fan following but even the presence of the demigod Amitabh is not really an insurance for success. Not all Amitabh starrers are sure-fire successes and his most recent releases with all box-office ingredients of good story/writers/popular directors and of course Amitabh himself—'Shaan' and 'Ram Balram'

—were colossal flops. Hence the illusion in Amitabh's infallibility has finally been shattered totally.

In fact, 1980 produced strongly women-dominated films like 'Aasha', 'Khoobsurat' and 'Insaf Ka Tarazu', all of which were greatly appreciated by the audiences. The success of these films is an unmistakable indication not only of the change in audience tastes, but also a distinct pointer to the fact that women are finally coming into their own. But if this is so, why doesn't the film industry wake up and pay its women their rightful due?



A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

"Education" is one of the biggest industries in Kerala today. And a booming one too. The graduates in Kerala are multiplying in alarming proportions and asking for a job, is like asking for the moon. Thanks to the mad scramble for degrees, schools and colleges are mushrooming all over the picturesque State — even in the most remote

EDUCATION, a private industry in kerala

corners with the worst conditions. Starting a school or college has become an attractive commercial proposition. Perhaps nowhere in the world has education become so synonymous with profit.

Unemployed graduates and under-graduates who managed to start small tutorial classes few years ago, today "own" "colleges" and are rolling in money.

The rise in the number of these "parallel colleges" came about when lakhs of students failed to get admission to the established colleges, due to their low percentages. The owners of ordinary tutorial classes cashed in and converted their institutions into parallel colleges after promoting themselves as principals. They started coaching students for the university examinations. These students had no alternative but to appear privately.

The thriving racket of parallel colleges is only contributing to the deterioration of the educational standards of Kerala. Few of these grossly ill-equipped colleges have libraries or laboratories. Sports equipment and playgrounds are generally unheard of. Most of them are crude shacks with a small blackboard.

On almost every major street of Kerala, huge hoardings scream the worth of parallel colleges with their trained teachers and experienced professors. And how easily they bring about easy success... The gullible job-hunting youngsters of Kerala walk into such so-called educational institutions with stars in their eyes.

These colleges employ untrained teachers on an apology of a salary. And there is no dearth of graduates who would accept a professor's job in a parallel college for a pit-

ance. To secure a job as a teacher or professor in any school or college, one has to shell out a minimum of Rs. 10,000 as donation. Startling news to an outsider but in Kerala it is no secret.

In high schools, the pay scales are a little higher and so is the "donation". In colleges the prevailing rates range from Rs. 25,000 to Rs. 50,000. The school and college managements collect these donations called "capitation fees". To top it all, they collect sizeable grants from the State government which spends a colossal 6.5 per cent of its income on education alone. (The country spends a meagre three per cent on education.) With their coffers full, they are sitting pretty. They do not have to even bother about paying the teaching staff. The government does that.

Official estimates are unavailable regarding the number of parallel colleges in Kerala as they are unrecognised and require no licences to operate. Unofficial estimates put the number at 5,000 employing over a lakh of teachers.

However, the sad part is that even estab-

lished educational institutions, which have carved a name for themselves over the years, have succumbed to the temptation of making a fast buck and have themselves started parallel colleges. As they are unrecognised, they get no government aid. As the government cannot exercise any control over them, they charge exorbitant fees and underpay the teachers.

Students in Kerala who thrive on agitations managed to get very cheap travel concessions on buses after a massive statewide

agitation some time ago. Now, the students of parallel colleges who cannot avail themselves of this facility have threatened to organise a massive agitation if they are not given the concessions available to other students.

These startling realities pour cold water over the impressive statistics: There are over 12,000 schools in Kerala. Over 250 of them came up this year. The all India average of literacy is as low as 29.5 per cent, and Kerala's as high as 60.4. In Kerala, 66.5 per cent of the males and 54.3 per cent of the females are literate. To accommodate more students last year, about 85 colleges were allowed to introduce a two-shift system which helped to enrol 20,000 more matriculates.

Today, there may be a negligible number of youngsters in Kerala who have not seen the corridors of a school. But only about 45 per cent of school students complete their matriculation. The examination system for classes from one to nine is very liberal. School students put up their feet and relax till the ninth standard. Examinations are just a matter of routine for them as 90 per cent pass. However, the pass percentage in the tenth standard, which is a public examination, has been as low as eight per cent in recent years. At the 1978 secondary school leaving certificate (SSLC) examination, only five per cent of the candidates were successful in all subjects. Alarmed, the State Educational Board decided to be generous and granted grace marks — hiking the percentage of successful candidates to 40.

As if the deterioration of the educational standards was not enough, the Kerala State authorities relaxed passing rules in the SSLC exams this year. Some of the so-called radical educationalists of Kerala argue that this is being done to discourage drop-outs. But at what cost?

As an educationalist put it, the very "success" of the parallel colleges in Kerala is a commentary on the failure of our education system. Some lesson that, but is anyone listening, and more important, will anything be done about it?

Ramesh Menon

A RANGOLI CREATION



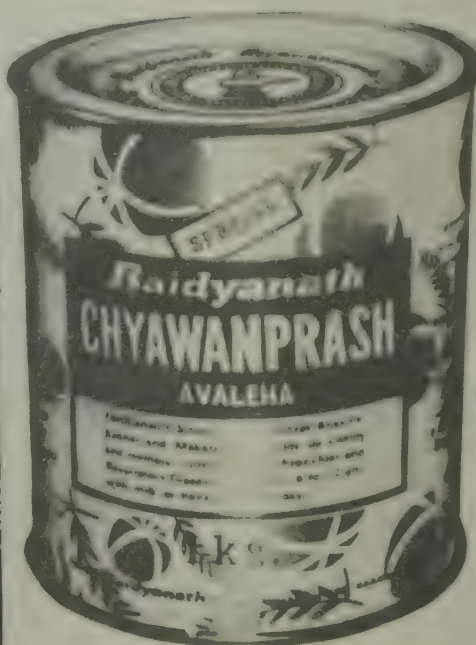
"Fishing Boy", a rangoli "painting," was one of the exhibits at a rangoli exhibition held in Baroda recently. The work of 16-year-old Smita Raje, it received critical acclaim from many quarters.

Ajay Skaria

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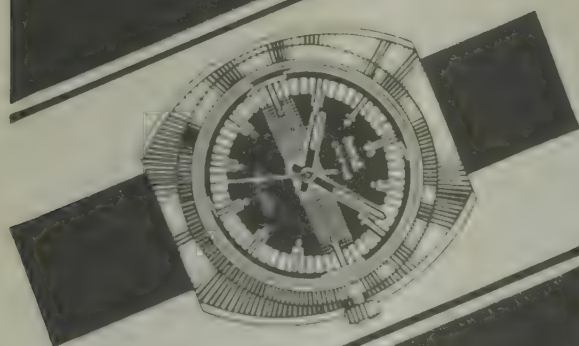


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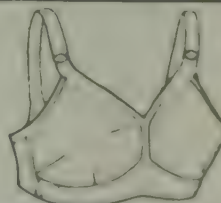
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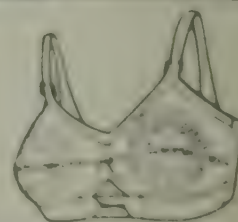
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By an Alves called Johnnie

SHOP ALONE, DON'T TAKE HER ALONG

Some wives will not be satisfied unless they get their husbands dressed to kill. Who dies in the process does not matter. I do not mind if she wears a 28-inch corset on her 40-inch middle to appear 30, but I very strongly object to her insisting that I wear a suit at wedding receptions, which for some reason are always held in the heat of October and May. And if I have to get a suit tailored, I am fully capable of doing it myself. Why does she have to accompany me to the tailor?

This one is definitely going to be my last suit. Yesterday I went for the trials. My tailor, Bento, has his shop right on the main Hill Road and measurements and trials all take place in the vulgar gaze of the passing crowds. I wore the suit and was pleased with the fit. Another look in the mirror and I saw the look on her face. I could see that she had found a flaw somewhere. "Tailor," she said with a disdainful sniff, "I don't like the look at the shoulder. It droops, it has no life. Can you pad it a little more? I want him to look manly."

"But madam, your husband has a funny droop of the shoulder, which makes it difficult."

"Yes, I know he has that defect. You should see him without a shirt."

I don't know if other husbands go through this, but I certainly object to being a lifeless dummy between the wife and the tailor, with both of them going round me with a critical eye, one pushing the shoulder up, the other pulling the sleeve down and both muttering sounds of disapproval.

Last Saturday I went to buy a hat. I needed it for a friendly cricket match and all I wanted was a simple affair to protect me from the heat of the sun. But she had to be there and make a big song and dance about the size of the hat being in proportion to my height (my sore point) and then she wanted the colour of the hat to match the colour of the shirt I was going to wear. Honey you should have seen the look on the salesman's face. I tell you luv, he looked at me with those eyes that clearly spelled: "Why don't you leave that thing at home?"

The simple pair of glasses that I wear have contributed in making a spectacle of myself. My marriage almost broke on the subject of the selection of my pair of glasses. It was my patience that restrained me and helped me to see better. I had picked up a neat little pair with a decent black frame which looked nice on me. When I looked in the mirror, I thought that even Dharmendra could not look more distinguished. A little further behind me in the reflection in the mirror, I could also see my wife's disapproving look. So I turned round and said: "This pair looks good on me, Babs!"

"Yes, but you don't look good with it. Whoever heard of square spectacles with grey eyes?"

The optician and I looked at each other, wondering if we had heard right. The utter stupidity of the statement baffled us! Then the optician broke the silence by saying, "Maybe we can change the colour of his eyes," and gave me a sly wink. She walked out in a huff, and I bought the glasses.

Two days ago I went to buy a shirt. She of course came along. I put the shirt on and stood before her and the salesman. Both of them looked at me and whispered to each other like doctors in a consulting room. Then she dragged me on the road (with my new shirt hanging over my pair of trousers) in order to have a look at it in the daylight. That's when a pair of my office pals walked by and gave two loud wolf whistles.

Until next time then.

NOTHING IS FREE

Continued from page 23

Arvind's fiancée (though she looked at least 10 years older), while she shouted to him in vulgar accents that he had a visitor. He entered sheepishly and gave me a grin in which I detected vexation. "Will you please get us some tea?" he asked the woman.

She stomped out of the room muttering something distinctly uncomplimentary about menfolk in general.

"I shall come and see you this evening," he whispered hurriedly as soon as she was out of earshot. "I want your advice."

"Er. yes. Do come," I said awkwardly, divining the subject of his anxiety. We talked desultorily for sometime and having finished the cup of tea, I beat a hasty retreat.

All day I pondered over the mystery of Arvind's bethrothed. When he finally came, I found myself unable to broach the subject.

"Well, Arvind?" I finally asked.

"I'm afraid it's bad this time," he said. "Very bad. And it's all my fault."

I dragged the story out of him bit by bit. It seems he had seen an advertisement in the matrimonial column of a paper, applied with a photograph and asked for further details.

"But I thought you were a confirmed bachelor. I never knew you were thinking of getting married," I said. "We might have looked nearer home. There are quite a few nice girls around here."

"I know," he replied ruefully. "But I have got into the habit of writing for things without thinking whether I want them or not!"

He had been sent a picture of a beautiful young girl and had fallen in love with her at first sight. He had written immediately signifying his intentions and demanding further details. Almost as if by magic, this harridan appeared and confronted him with his letter. In vain he protested that he had been cheated. Arvind was utterly naive in dealing with feminine wiles. Her shrieks and reproaches filled the neighbourhood. It was a scandal. In turn Arvind contemplated buying her off (though where he was to get the money from he didn't know), threatening suicide and a variety of other methods of ridding himself of her, but she was equal to any suggestion he made.

"Let's see how we can get out of this," I said. Before settling down to a serious consideration of the matter, the humorous aspect of it struck me, and I couldn't avoid laughing.

"Getting something for nothing sometimes means disaster," Arvind said miserably.

I felt it was uncharitable to labour the point, and assuming a more serious attitude, settled down to the problem of finding a way out of the situation.

BOMBAY

Nritya Kala Kendra, which propagates Kathak dance under the direction of Sangeet-Natak Akademy Winner Roshan Kumari, celebrated its 9th anniversary at Tejpal Auditorium. More than 40 girls ranging from tiny tots to teenagers, 1/3 of the total strength of Nritya Kala Kendra delighted the audience with a wide variety of classical Kathak and Assamese folk dances.

Roshan Kumari specially composed Kathak items in "Teental" for a group dance.

"Abhinaya" based on the mythological legends of child Krishna's pranks and "Shiva-Tandav" were the highlights of the show. Another feature of the programme was the presentation of a Kuchipudi recital by the well-known exponents, Raja and Radha Reddy.

Nritya Kala Kendra founded by Roshan Kumari imparts training in Kathak according to the academic curriculum of Prayag Sangeet Samiti (the well-known University of Music, Allahabad) to which it is affiliated. The students have to undergo regularly graded tests both in theory and in practice under the supervision of recognised examiners of Prayag Sangeet Samiti at Manav Mandir Sangeet Vidyapeeth, Bombay.

The Maharashtra State Women's Council hosted a tea-party for the wives of two Governors. Mrs. Satya Mehra, wife of the Governor of Maharashtra was welcomed to Bombay and the President, Mrs. Thrity H. J. Taleyarkhan was felicitated on her husband being appointed Governor of Sikkim. They were both welcomed by Mrs. Sarala Sheth, Vice-President of the Council.

The Indian Cancer Society inaugurated its Rehabilitation Centre at Jerbai Wadia Road, Parel. Air Chief Marshal (Retd.) O.P. Mehra, Governor of Maharashtra, inaugurated the Centre. Dr. H.N. Sethna and Dr. (Mrs) G. H. Sethna were the guests of honour and Mr. N. H. Tata, Chairman, Indian Cancer Society, presided over the function.

"Landscape" and "Songs for the Sea Nymph", an exhibition of paintings and poetry by Bulbul Singh was held at Taj Art Gallery recently.

The Indo-American Society organized an evening of American



LEFT: At the inauguration ceremony of the International Year of Disabled Persons at J.J. Hospital, Bombay, are seen (from left) Dr. S. G. Deodhare, Dr. B. K. Goyal, Sheriff of Bombay, Mrs. Satya Mehra and Dr. (Miss) S. V. Kamath.



ABOVE: Mrs. Satya Mehra and Mrs. Thrity Taleyarkhan (3rd and 5th from left) were felicitated by the Maharashtra State Women's Council in Bombay recently. Also seen are (from left) Mrs. Mohini Mathur, Mrs. Smrita Divan, Mrs. Sarala Sheth, and Miss Hilla M. Dadina.



LEFT: A delegation from the General Federation of Iraqi Women, Iraq, arrived in Bombay to attend the Iraqi Women's Week celebrations. At the dinner held at Hotel Oberoi Towers are seen (from left) Mrs. J. D. Colquhoun Denvers, Mrs. S. Arsad, Mrs. K. H. Kadhim, President of the Bombay unit of the Federation, and Mrs. F. M. Kadhim.

folk songs and guitar music by two visiting artists from the United States — Mario Illo and Bill Brizendine, at Hinduja Auditorium.

Mario Illo is a composer, poet and guitarist who has appeared in concerts, radio and television all over the world. Bill Brizendine has a background as lead guitarist in Rock and Blue Bands and has given performances throughout the U.S.

Nalini Mehta held an exhibition of her carvings in acrylics at the Cymroza Art Gallery. The Sheriff of Bombay, Dr. B.K. Goyal, inaugurated the exhibition.

DELHI

Ranju Desai of Max Factor gave a demonstration of make-up and skin care for Air Force wives at the Dhaula Kuan Officers' Institute. Mrs. B. Lateef, wife of the Air Chief, was the chief guest at this largely attended get-together. Ranju Desai stressed on the importance of skin care and gave tips on how to keep the skin healthy and glowing.

CALCUTTA

The French Cultural Centre of Alliance Francaise, Calcutta, sponsored a display of hand-painted greeting cards by Shukla Dutt. Mrs. Dutt has aptly named her series, "Greet Well" and has covered all the domestic and business contingencies arising from the need to communicate good will to friends, relatives and business associates.

The 100th birthday of Charulata Mukherjee, a prominent

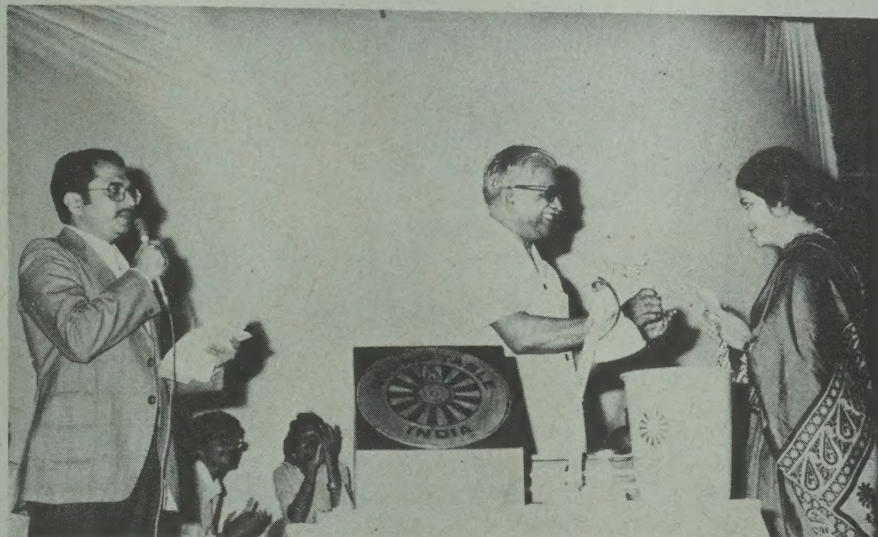


ABOVE: Mr. Johnnie M. Alves, Administrative & Public Relations Manager, Shalimar Cold Storage, was the chief guest at the Annual Athletic Meet of St. Aloysius High School, Bombay. Also seen is Fr. R. Braganza, Principal (2nd from left).

RIGHT: At the Round Table Quiz Contest held at the Madras Gymkhana Club, are seen (from left) Mr. Kishore Shahani, Mr. K. Vishnu Murthy Yerkadithaya, Chairman and M.D., Indian Overseas Bank; and Mrs. Jayakumar, Captain of the winning team, "Motley Crew" of Calcutta.



The Lt. Governor of Delhi, Mr. Jagmohan (ext. right) gave away the prizes to the winners of the children's fancy dress competition organised by the Housewives' Association of Delhi. Also seen is Kavita Arora (2nd from right) Chairman of the Association.



RIGHT: At an exhibition organised by the Bangalore North Ladies Circle 14 are seen (from left) the artist, Mrs. Sudha Kanthi, chief guest Mrs. Sabitha Chandran, and Mrs. Geeta Ramaswamy.

LEFT: Ranju Desai of Max Factor (centre) gave a demonstration of make-up for Air Force wives at the Dhoola Kuan Officers' Club, Delhi.



gamma Kesavamurthi presided and a special souvenir was released by Indumathy Prasanna-kumar. President Mrs. K.R. Sarojamma welcomed the guests. Mrs. Bama Pandurang, Secretary, proposed the vote of thanks.

Viji Prakash gave a dance recital at the Indian Institute of World Culture. A student of Bombay's Raja Rajeshwari Kala Mandir and also of Kanak Rele, Viji gave a graceful performance.

PUNE

"Ishwardaan" an institution providing reading facilities to poor and destitute children and training for employment was inaugurated by Lt. Gen. R. D. Hira, COC-in-C, Southern Command, near Golibar Maidan recently.

Sister Claudia, who promoted the Rs. 2.5 lakh complex through donations, received the guests and showed them around the reading and training rooms. Also present at the function were Mr. R. G. Gupte, Divisional Commissioner and Mr. S. G. Sahasrabhojane, Police Commissioner.

COCHIN

The Southern Naval Command celebrated the Navy Week and organised a Navy Ball recently. M/s. Toshiba Anand Batteries Ltd. sponsored the Navy Queen contest. The entire Southern Command Officers' Mess complex wore a festive look with professional decor as hundreds of couples danced to the beat of the "Hi-Jackers," "The Electric Dreams" and the "Victors".

Twenty-nine-year-old Mrs. Sheema Ghura, wife of a Naval Officer, was selected "Toshiba Anand Navy Queen", and was crowned by Vice Admiral O. A. Dawson AVSM, Flag Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Southern Naval Command. The sash was placed on Mrs. Ghura by the General Manager of the Company, Mr. Vinod Sahney who also presented a specially designed "Toshiba Anand" memento to the Queen. 18-year-old Miss Anita Kanwar, was adjudged as first runner-up.

A sum of Rs. 5,000 was given as donation by the Company towards the welfare of naval soldiers.

BANGALORE

The Vasavi Mahila Seva Mandal celebrated their anniversary with a cultural programme. The highlight of the evening was a play in Kannada staged by Mahila Mandal members. Mrs. Na-

Sarojini Varadappan, President of the All India Women's Conference who had come from Delhi to preside over the meeting, remembered Mrs. Mukherjee's contribution to that premier body as founder President of the Calcutta Branch. Several speakers including Mrs. Mukherjee's daughter, Mrs. Renuka Ray, Ex-M.P. and former minister; Dr. Sarala Ghosh, Asoka Gupta, Phulrenu Guha, Mira Dutta Gupta and others spoke on the occasion.

The First Annual General Meeting of the Soroptimist International was celebrated at the Saturday Club. Mrs. Arati Dutt,

President, welcomed Dr. Jean Wishart from the U.K. who was present on the occasion.

Mr. Robin Twite, Director, British Council, Calcutta, gave the anniversary address. Mrs. Renuka Ray was the chief guest.

social worker, was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the Metropolitan Branch of the All India Women's Conference at the Gokhale Memorial Girls' School founded by Charulata Mukherjee's mother, Sarala Ray. Women from the city and nearby villages gathered to pay homage to the lady whose courageous stand resulted in the passing of the Immoral Traffic Act in 1930 in the Bengal Legislature.

The Governor, Mr. T. N. Singh, inaugurating the celebrations recalled Mrs. Mukherjee's pioneering work in militantly fighting for women's emancipation and her part in establishing the Lady Irwin College in Delhi. Mrs.



FOR THE WEEK.
JAN. 25 — 31, 1981

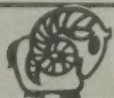
John Naylor.

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A hard-working year, but well rewarded. If you are in line for a promotion, or other change which will boost your prospects, your chances are good. Influential people in your circle will be disposed to aid you. Travel is a good proposition for most of the year, but perhaps not entirely satisfactory between August and September unless your arrangements are well settled. Minor problems in relationships with others may arise, but for most of the year you will be in tune with life and people.

ARIES

(March 22 — April 20)



Plans and ambitions will get a boost in a month or two. Make the most of a happy social scene, make new friendships. You could also build up useful goodwill with an eye to the future, consider fresh methods and ideas.

TAURUS

(April 21 — May 21)



You are about to enter a more sociable phase providing amusing companionship. The trend is optimistic and it would benefit you if you make a point of looking your best at all times, and presenting yourself in the best possible light.

GEMINI

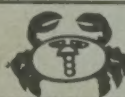
(May 22 — June 21)



You can expect the next few weeks to be busy, also lucky. Plenty of incentive for efforts to improve your set-up. There is a strong accent on friendships with a business connection. Go ahead with minor changes you have in mind.

CANCER

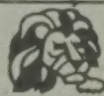
(June 22 — July 23)



Lately you have had to follow the lead of others, but things improve now and you will be in a more promising period. If you have neglected health and appearance through lack of time, get yourself sorted out!

LEO

(July 24 — Aug 23)



The accent is on the affairs of your partner and people close to you, so shelve some of your own plans for a time and accept the ideas and arrangements of others. Be co-operative if there are changes.

VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)



You won't quite know your own feelings, a little confused by conflicting news and reports. You may be winding up a present interest for a fresh endeavour, but anything you begin now will require a lot of effort.

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)



Some unexpected meetings turn out well for you. Minor financial gains are indicated if these have not already occurred. Rise to challenges to anything affecting your hopes and wishes.

SCORPIO

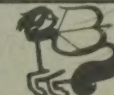
(Oct 24 — Nov 22)



The weeks ahead will be lively and romantic, if typical of your birth sign. You may have more cash in hand for a time. Friends will be lucky for you, some pleasure travel may be arranged. Tell relatives your ideas and plans.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)



A happy change is probably on the way. A super social scene, new meetings and luck will cheer you. A week favouring your affairs, with the new and surprising putting you in the right place at the right time!

CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)



Romance and the lighter side of life dominate and make this week enjoyable. You will be encouraging people close to you, but take care that your benign mood does not lead you into rash promises.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)



The accent is on communication and any sort of friendly contact. Planets in your sign will be aiding your love life, and a new attachment could occur quite suddenly. However, mundane issues are also well starred, especially business, discussions.

PISCES

(Feb 20 — March 21)



You may have had some financial hassles previously, but your prospects are better now. Yet keep alert or opportunities could pass you by. This is a good week for spending on essentials, for buying in bulk or by mail order.

REPUBLIC DAY BLUES

Continued from page 11

the party's annual convention at Bandra Reclamation, I watched in astonishment delegates from Gujarat (mostly RSS and Sanghis) who had goaded Hindu mobs to kill and loot Muslims in the 1969 riots (that was the Gandhi centenary year) cheering the switch-over to Gandhian socialism and the promised Ram Rajya.

While the fragmented Lok Dal was busy stoning foreign participants, including women, of the Himalayan car rally, the leftist parties "marched" to Nagpur to highlight the plight of farmers. Prime opportunist Sharad Pawar "marched" by rail and car, Chavan and Tarkeshwari Sinha and others "flew" into the march. Poor Sharad Rao, once lionised as a true champion of the farmers, was quickly branded an agent of the kulaks because he ignored the "dindi" and chose to negotiate with the government. Eccentric Morarji said he had a solution to the Assam tangle but refused to divulge it to anyone.

With such leaders around how could anyone hope for national integration? The hot-headed young men of Assam have sown the seeds of disintegration and gloat over the support extended to them by the opposition leaders, particularly the BJP. How could anyone negotiate with these young men who change their stance every time they adjourn, or agree to evict millions of men, women and children who have nowhere else to go? How is it that Vajpayee and others chose to ignore the fact that if the cancer of Assam is allowed to spread, it would be good-bye to any kind of national integration?

It is sad that at every level — political, economic, social and cultural — efforts are being made to divide the nation and its people rather than unite them. Most of the smaller newspapers champion regional causes. The stock comedy in Hindi films is ridicule of South Indians; films like "Savitri" and "Agraharatil Kazhudai" wound the sentiments of particular communities. Massive reservation of jobs as well as seats in educational institutions for backward communities further divide the country and create bitterness.

Are we then eternally damned to poverty and suffering? I see no ray of hope in the future. We, as a nation, lack character, discipline, the will to work, civic sense and a sense of responsibility. Is this because we have never suffered as a nation like Britain, Germany and Japan did during the wars? Suffering in India, during peace or war, is restricted to the poor, who have had the worst in life and yet whose resilience is amazing. While millions suffered during the freedom struggle, the princes continued to lick the boots of the oppressors. When floods or famine ravage the land, the merchant class reaps additional profits. Do we then need an all-embracing cataclysm to change us for the better? I just do not know.

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you wear



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